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FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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THE MELCHITE CATHOLICS.

A Greek Patriarch at Present Visiting in Paris.

A HISTORY OF THE RITE.

They are Subject to the Roman Jurisdiction but Retain Many Old Forms of Worship.

Paris is giving hospitality to Mgr. Gregorius Youssef, Patriarch of Antioch, who is paying the French capital a short visit after his labors in Rome. The Patriarch is a tall, handsome old man, with a long white beard, dressed very much after the style of a Russian priest, as a consequence of which his appearance in the streets is invariably accompanied by frantic cries of "Vive la Russie!" His Beatitude is staying with Mr. Mac Swiney, a gentleman well-known in banking circles here and who is also a Papal Chamberlain. The Turkish flag is floating from his residence in honor of the distinguished guest, a subject of the Sultan. Mgr. Gregorius Youssef lunched with Mgr. Ferrata, the Nuncio, the day following his arrival. On Saturday he lunched with Cardinal Langenieux, who is staying with the cure of the Madeleine. The Patriarch has also visited M. Charles Dupuy, Minister of the Council; M. Hanotaux, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and yesterday he was received in private audience by the President of the republic, his Beatitude conversing with M. Casimir-Perier for about twenty minutes.

The public had their opportunity of seeing the venerable and picturesque Oriental prelate on Sunday morning, when the Patriarch celebrated the Divine Mysteries, according to the Melchite Rite in the little old church of St. Julien-Le-Pauvre, which for several years past has been allotted to the service of the Uniat Greeks. Some idea of the ancient character of this church may be gathered from the fact that St. Gregory of Tours speaks of it as a basilica in his day and frequently said Mass at its altars. Last Sunday's function was carried out with considerable pomp, as besides a large body of assistant Greek clergy, the students of St. John Chrysostom's College sang with great taste the ritual music of the Greek liturgy.

"The Melchite or Greek Catholic Church of Antioch dates from 1686 when Athanasius IV of Antioch submitted to the Pope. From Antioch Melchite Catholics spread to the patriarchates of Alexandria and Jerusalem. At these two latter are bishops acting as vicars of the Patriarch of Antioch. The latter is bishop of Damascus. There are subject to his Beatitude the Archbishops of Aleppo, Diarbekir, Beyrouth, Bosra, and the Bishops of Homs, Baalbek, Tripolis, Zahleh and Ferzul. The secular priests, who are educated at a seminary on Mount Lebanon, may continue to live as married men, if married before receiving holy orders. The Melchite monks, who all follow the rule of S. Basil, are divided into two congregations, that of St. Salvator and that of St. John the Baptist. Each has a monastery at Rome.

"The Patriarch of Antioch is chosen by the bishops of the patriarchate. The choice must be approved by Propaganda and confirmed by the Pope. The Patriarch, who is subject to Propaganda, lives at Ain Teraz on the Lebanon in the Seminary for priests. He administers his own diocese of Damascus by a Vicar.

"Just as the other Greek sects, when they return to ... the Church retain their ... rites so the Melchites who have recovered Catholic unity retain the liturgies of St. Chrysostom and St. Basil and the canon law to which they have been subject.

There are other of the Melchites who still unhappily remain in Schism. The word means Royalists. They were so called because they after the Council of Chalcedon adhered to the Emperors who against the Monophysites exerted their influence for the Catholic teaching. Closely connected as were the Melchites with the Patriarchate of Constantinople they were drawn into the Greek schism.

The Bible in the Schools.

Now that the evasion, or rather the direct disobedience of the law, that has been prevalent in the public schools of this community, has been called to the attention of the Board of Education, it is to be hoped that that body will take measures at the proper meeting to see that the law is strictly obeyed from this time on. The reading of the Bible in the public schools is forbidden by the Statute, and the school permitting any such reading "forfeits all rights to any State or county apportionment of school moneys."

The plea that the reading of the Bible cannot do any harm is not tenable in the present instance. The only thing for the Board of Education to look at is the law, and it is broad enough and plain enough in its prohibition of such reading in the common schools of this State. The question of the Scripture being "a remarkable literary work" cuts absolutely no figure. The Talmud is a remarkable literary work; so are the writings of CONFUCIUS; so are the Vedas; so are portions of the Koran; so are the essays of PAINE and the lectures of INGERSOLL. The Board of Education has equally as much right to sanction the reading of any or all of these in the public schools, as it has to permit the reading of the Bible therein.

Even if it were a mere matter of sentiment, certain portions of a community have no authority to thrust a denominational book down the throats of other portions who do not believe in it. Before the law, the Bible has no more rights than the Talmud, the Koran, or the Vedas. But it is not a matter of sentiment. It is a plain, open proposition of obedience to, or disobeyal of, the law. As Lawyer Driver, of the Board of Education puts it:

The law is very plain on the subject, and when the Bible is read in the schools it is done in violation of the law, and its use in the schools should be discontinued.—*Sacramento Bee.*

The New Secretary.

Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, is to have a new secretary in the person of the Rev. Dr. Rooker, rector of the American College in Rome. Dr. Hector Papi, the present secretary, is to join the Jesuit order. Dr. Rooker arrived in New York last week.

He was born in Albany thirty-three years ago, where his father, Myron H. Rooker, still lives, and is editor of the *Press and Knickerbocker* Dr. Rooker was graduated from Union College and went afterward to the American College in Rome, where he distinguished himself. Mgr. Satolli was one of his Professors at Propaganda, and the bright young American became one of the favorites of the future Papal Delegate.

A good resolution for the New Year is to subscribe for the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

SECRET POWER OF THE JESUITS.

Some Points Overlooked by A. P. A. Writers.

A LIFETIME OF STUDY.

Years Devoted to Preparation Before They can Begin to Exercise Their Ministry.

What is the secret of the power of the Jesuits, is often asked. We answer the thoroughness of their whole life. To the "Greater Glory of God" is the motto of their Order and the motive power of each individual Jesuit. In common with all religious, they bind themselves to voluntary poverty, perpetual chastity and entire obedience. And further by special vow they engage to go without question or delay wherever the Pope may think fit to send them for the salvation of souls. Obedience is the special characteristic of the Company or Society of Jesus as it calls itself. God in His providential care of the Church, raised up St Ignatius Loyola to form a religious body that could meet the revolt of the so-called Reformers, and could use the "New Learning" for the spread of the Faith. The military spirit was introduced by the Founder into his company of devout combatants, who were disciplined alike in mind and will.

The thoroughness of their training may be gathered from an article on the studies pursued by them at Woodstock which appears from an authorative source in the December *American Ecclesiastical Record.*

"The course that is pursued", says the writer, "in this *schola maxima* of the Jesuits is the longest and highest of its kind in America. Compared with its finished scholastics the graduates of Harvard University in mathematics, language, natural sciences and philosophy are almost beginners. Before going to it at all, the young members of the society have almost all of them won their degree of A. B. and have had besides, four years of preliminary training in the novitiate and the juniorate, cultivating piety and reviewing their humanities. Arrived at Woodstock, they spend three years in the study of philosophy, four hours a day, five days in the week, using Latin as the language of the school. Within that same period they go through algebra, geometry, trigonometry, calculus, astronomy, geology, physiology, chemistry and physics. Next they devote four or five years to teaching in the colleges of the order, putting their attainments to practical use, and meanwhile keeping up their own studies, devoting their leisure hours to a general course of reading and perfecting themgelves in the special branches of learning in which their superiors desire them to excel. On their return to the scholasticate, in about the thirtieth year of their age, they pass four years in the study of moral and dogmatic theology—Hebrew, Sacred Scripture, canon law, church history, sacred eloquence and rites. Then they are ordained. Finally they are sent back for a year to the novitiate to be heated and refined, tempered and strengthened once more in the fire of Godliness, to come out fully equipped in sanctity as well as in wisdom for the service of the church in the holy ministry".

Who can be astonished that after such a training of each of an army of some ten thousand, voluntarily severing themselves from even lawful worldly happiness, binding themselves never to canvass for office or accept ecclesiastical dignities except constrained by the Pope, animated with the burning desire of saving souls, and inflamed with a mutual charity that one never hears violated: they should possess a power that alarms the evil spirits and the powers of this wicked world.

UNIQUE PERIODICAL.

The "Kamloops Wa-Wa," Published by a French Priest.

The queerest periodical in existence is a weekly now published by a French priest at Kamloops, B. C. It is called the Kamloops Wa-Wa, which means "writing," and is in the Chinook jargon. This jargon is a sort of international speech, composed of half a dozen different Indian tongues, mixed with fragments of English, French and German. It is the language of trade intercourse among all the people of the sparsely settled Northwest as far as Alaska.

The mission field of the holy father who publishes this periodical extends over about 500 miles. Much of his time is spent in making long journeys between different settlements, and during his pauses for rest on the way he amuses himself with editorial work. The weekly is written in three columns—the first column in jargon, the second in shorthand and characters and the third in English. The matter is current news of the mission, sermons, prayers, etc. It is multiplied by the mimeograph and distributed among the priest's widely scattered parishioners. The paper on which the printing is done is blue, green, pink or yellow, according to the taste of the people who give it to the good father. The periodical is delivered free of charge.

Lord Roseberry is about to attempt Americanizing the British Constitution. The proposed measure to be taken against the veto of of the House of Lords is borrowed from the law governing the United States Congress, which provides that a bill which shall have been rejected by the House of Lords shall become law, if the passage of the measure by the House of Commons be re-affirmed by a two-thirds vote. Under such a law Home Rule would recede to a vanishing point, as it is almost hopeless to expect that two-thirds of the M. P.'s in the House of Commons will vote for an Irish Legislature, constituted as at present demanded, for many years to come.

The Church of England is in reality connected with the state. Therefore, she is given a social position on a level with princes and monarch. To this is added an accumulated fortune estimated at at $900,000,000. The yearly income of this is $37,000,000. The so-called Anglican establishment is thus the richest Church in the world. The individual income of its prelates is equal to that of nobles and millionaires. The Bishops have even legislative power, and can make or unmake laws. The clergymen are men of influence and frequently high society leaders. And all the rights of the Church are carefully protected by law. The capital of this enormous wealth was in greatest part given to the Church in England by our Catholic forefathers. At the so-called Reformation the Churches and monasteries and foundations for charity were seized and distributed among the nobles in part, and in part given for the support of the new religion.

Every boy or girl who secures one subscriber for six months, and sends or brings 75 cents to the office of the California Catholic, will receive as a present an elegant illustrated prayer-book, bound in gilt cloth with gilt edges. This offer will positively be withdrawn on January 15, as the supply of books is limited.

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

Fifth Article of Monsignor Capel's Series.

OF SACRIFICING PRIESTS.

The Anglican Church has no power to Confer Orders upon Her Ministers.

The second element necessary for the Apostolicity of the Church is, as stated in the previous article, the divine power to offer the Christian Sacrifice by the hands of validly ordained priests.

I. Jesus Christ exercised His Priesthood in two different manners: One according to the Order of Aaron by shedding His blood; the other according to the order of Melchisidec under the outward forms of bread and wine. The first He did but once and that on Calvary. The cross was the altar. He himself was both priest and victim. By the outpouring of His Sacred Blood the Sacrifice for our redemption was consummated. From that moment the Jewish sacrifices ceased to have any efficacy. The reality had come and types were no longer needed.

Jesus Christ acted as priest according to the Order of Melchisidec, when for the first time at the Last Supper He took bread and said: "This is My body," and took the Chalice and said: "This is My blood of the New Testament." He alone was priest; the Victim was Himself under the sensible appearances of bread and wine. Though in this immolation there was no shedding of blood, yet there was the showing forth of His death mystically by the separate consecration of each element. But His priesthood exercised in this manner was to be for ever. "Thou art a Priest forever according to the Order of Melchisidec," say the Psalmists and S. Paul under inspiration. And it was to be confined to no one place. "From the rising of the Sun to the going down, My name," says the Lord of Hosts, "is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered to My name a clean offering."

To continue perpetually and on every part of earth this mode of offering our great High Priest conferred on the Apostles and their successors the ministerial priesthood. "Do this in commemoration me," made each of them a priest. of Thus was the same Christ to be immolated in an unbloody manner on our altars, and consequently a true, proper and propitiary sacrifice is offered to God. This is THE great act of worship.

This is the belief which has prevailed at all times and all places within the Church. "The Chalice," says St. Irenœus who died in 190, "which comes from this world of ours, He (Christ) confessed to be His blood and taught the new oblation of the New Testament, which oblation the Church, receiving it from the Apostles, offers in the whole world of God." And S. Cyprian who died in——asks, "who is more truly a priest of God most high than our Lord Jesus Christ, who offered a sacrifice which Melchisidec offered (that is bread and wine)—namely His own body and blood." It is impossible to read any of the Fathers of the Church from earliest days, without meeting again and again this belief. Add to this, the ancient liturgies written in many languages and used in many different parts of the Church bear the same testimony. The Connotative terms priest, altar, sacrifice in the New Testament and in early ecclesiastical writers witness to this wondrous sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ under the species of bread and wine. The decendants of Nestorians and Eutychians, as well as the different Greek sects all without exception hold the same doctrine. John Ernest Grabe, the learned editor of St. Irenœus deploring the absence of the Eucharistic Sacrifice from Protestant worship states, "It is certain that Irenœus and all the other Fathers, whose writings have been preserved whether they lived with the Apostles or immediately after, looked upon the Eucharist as the Sacrifice of the New Law. And that this was not the teaching of any one Father or particular Church, but the faith and practice of the whole Church, St. Irenœus teaches."

2. Such too was the belief of the Church in England from the days of St. Augustine till the creation of the Church of England by the Tudors. The Mass, as this Holy Sacrifice was called, was abolished by Act of Parliament, it was a crime of treason to offer it, a felony to hear it. The new code of belief, the Thirty Nine Articles, calls the Sacrifice of Masses "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceit;" and another of them denies that the priest "offers Christ in the Mass for the living and the dead." The Book of Homilies ordered to be read in all the Churches declares: "We must then take heed lest the memory of bygone days the Lord's Supper be made a sacrifice..... Let us therefore so travail to understand the Lord's Supper, that we be no cause of idolatry of no dumb Massing..... Herein thou needest no other man's help, no other sacrifice or oblation, *no sacrificing priest, no Mass.*" These official declarations, need not be strengthened by the gross and offensive terms of individual Archbishops, bishops and ecclesiastical writers of the period hurled against the Sacrifice of the Mass.

The altars by Royal injunction were "to be taken down and instead of them a table to be set up..... to move the people from the superstitious opinions of the Popish Mass unto the right use of the Lord's Supper, the use of an altar being to sacrifice upon, and the use of a table to eat upon." The consecrated altar stones were by command "broken and defaced and turned to some secular use." The Mass books were burnt, the Mass vestment and the consecrated Mass vessels were appropriated to worldly purposes. A new liturgy was substituted for the old. The doctrine of the Sacrifice of the Mass and every idea of it, were expunged from the mind of the people of England. In the reign of Victoria, the present Queen of England, when Rev. Mr. Liddell, an earnest ritualistic clergyman, erected a stone altar in St. Barnabas' Church Pimlico, he was prosecuted. Her Majesty's Privy Council, the highest ecclesiastical authority in the 'Church established by law,' ordered the altar to be removed, and assigned this reason: "The change in the view taken of the Sacrament at the Reformation naturally called for a corresponding change in the altar. It was no longer to be an altar of Sacrifice, but merely a table at which the communicants were to partake of the Lord's Supper." What more is needed to prove that the Church of England rejected and repudiated the Christian Sacrifice according to the order of Melchisidec?

3. Where there is no sacrifice, there can be no sacrificing priests. It was but a logical consequence, that the Church of England proceeded to the destruction of the priesthood. A new service for 'the Ordering of Priests and the Consecration of Bishops was formulated. From it was omitted with studious care every reference to the Sacri-

Continued on fourth page.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Items of Catholic Interest from all Sections.

There is general rejoicing at the happy recovery of Archbishop Chapelle from his recent severe illness.

On Thursday Most Rev. William Henry Elder, D. D., celebrated the eleventh anniversary of his consecration as Archbishop of Cincinnati.

The energetic Father Biaschelli, of Italy, chief of the missioners of the Precious Blood, is organizing a league against bad newspapers.

Monsignor Bonomelli, Bishop of Cremona, is one of the most prominent Catholic social workers of Italy. It was he who Fenelon-like, publicly retracted in his own cathedral those of his views concerning the temporal power which Rome had disapproved of.

On Sunday, November 26, Archbishop Janssens blessed the new chapel of the Sisters of the Holy Family, 17 Orleans street, between Royal and Bourbon, New Orleans. The chapel and other improvements which have been made in the convent are the results of a legacy left by that colored philanthropist, the late Mr. Tommy Lafton.

A miracle is in itself extraordinary, but when the person in whose behalf Divine Providence has intervened is a Protestant the case is of surpassing interest. Mrs. Simpson, of Spennymoor, who was recently cured at St. Winefride's Well in Wales, of what had been pronounced an incurable rheumatic affliction, is and has been all her life a Protestant. Her cure is attributed to a simple faith in the divine power at the well.

The Subjaco Benedictines have been honored with a special mark of regard by Leo XIII. He has himself assumed the rank of protector of the order, the post having been left vacant by the death of the late Cardinal Ricci-Paracciani. The congregation is called the Cassinese Benedictine Congregation of Primitive Observance and has fourteen abbeys and seventeen priories in such difierent parts of the world as Italy, France, Austria, Spain, England, Holland, Belgium, the United States and Auckland Island.

Rubinstein's death is a severe loss to art; to Russia, following so close in the wake of that of Tschalkowski, it assumes the magnitude of a national calamity. Both were taken away in the heyday of artistic productiveness, with exuberant fruitage within grasp, and still more glorious hopes in prospect. The deaths of Wagner, Lizst, Tschalkowski, Bulow, Gounod, and now Rubinstein, leave voids that fill the lover of music with keen regret and profound sorrow and ominous presentiments for the future.

After a long litigation an arrangement has been affected in the case of the heirs of Marquis de Plessis Belliere against Pope Leo XIII., so that the Amiens decision will not be submitted to the Court of Cassation. The heirs of the testatrix, who made over her property to the Holy See, are to receive an indemnity of about $700,000. The Pope will become the owner of her town residence in the Place de la Concorde, which will be used by the Nuncio in Paris, who will also have the right to reside in the chateau of Moreuil on the condition of permitting the public to visit the art collection there.

Before the year 1849 Catholicity was not tolerated in Denmark, only the foreign embassies at Copenhagan being allowed to have chapels, which were attended chefly by French, Spanish and Austrian Catholics residents in or visiting the capital. Since then, however, with freedom of worship has come growth. In 1860, when a Vicar Apostolic was appointed, there were 600 members of the Church in Copenhagen, with seventy-five children in the Catholic school there, and a little congregation of seventy-five at Frederica, with a school of fifteen children. Now the faithful in Denmark number more than 6,000, almost all converts. The Church has multiplied ten-fold in thirty-four years, and is still making progress in all directions among all classes.

The erection of the magnificent canopy over the high altar of Our Lady in the shrine of Gaudalaupe in the City of Mexico has been completed. The pillars to support it are each of a solid block of polished Scotch granite, weighing seven tons. The diameter of each pillar is three feet and the height twenty feet. The altar was dedicated on the 12th inst., the feast of Our Lady of Gaudalupe, and will be the most elaborate and costly one in America. The addition to the church edifice will not be complete for nearly two years at the present rate of progress. When finished, the Shrine of the Lady of Gaudalupe will be one of the notable church edifices in the world. The solid silver altar railing weighs twenty-six tons, and many millions of dollars are in other ways represeneed in the fittings of this magnificent sanctuary.

Much has been said and written about the wonderful cures of Lourdes, which are to all appearances miraculous. A physician, Dr. J. R. Gasquot by name, resident physician of the R. C. Insane Asylum, England, himself a Roman Catholic, a profound scholar and distinguished writer, but nevertheless, not any too ready to accept the miracle theory, not long ago decided to investigate. He went, rather prejudiced against the whole affair, expecting to find very little medical ability. The result of his visit was that he had run up against a "medicine man" of more than ordinary strength, who was not at all averse to having other physicians make a study of the case. After a careful analysis Dr. Gasquot believes that the principle force in operation at Lourdes is a moral one. Continued prayer is the chief factor. He thinks that hypnotic influence is not brought into play. On the whole, the majority of the cases are due "to the superhuman efficacy of prayer in renewing the moral and spiritual nature and in the overflow of such action into the body."

Colonel Ingersoll has not yet destroyed Christianity. There is unprecedented activity in the religious world, and the propagators of the faith, including the Salvationists, Endeavorers and Associationists are more successful than they have been at any time within our memory. At that silent little place, Yonkers, business had to be suspended and the mills closed for two days last week to give the people opportunity to attend the the great meetings held since the beginning of the extraordinary religious revival there. Another illustration. It is from the Catholic Church here. The golden jubilee of the Apostleship of Prayer League of the Sacred Heart was celebrated last week in the city as at other places, and before the church in which the celebration was held here had been opened on Tuesday morning a multitude of people, far greater than could be admitted, stood in the vicinity waiting to enter the sacred edifice. We are informed that there are 2,000,000 members of this prayer league in the United States and tens of millions in other countries. Our humorous fellow-citizen, Colonel Ingersoll, must have observed that, despite the efforts of the unbelieving and moonstruck philosophers and scientists whose voices are heard everywhere, religion is yet a mighty power and an everlasting power in our own country and all over the earth.—N. Y. Sun.

The Question of Wifely Obedience.

It is curious, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, how few people seem to be aware that the promises of wifely obedience contained in the Anglican marriage service to which the "new woman" has of late taken such indignant exceptions, are of purely Protestant origin, and have no counterpart in the Catholic marriage service as it has existed for centuries. The mutual promises and obligations undertaken by a Catholic husband and wife are identical both in words and in nature.

The point is an interesting one as exemplifying a fact which is habitually overlooked by the enemies of the faith who profess to trace the subjection of woman to the teachings of the Catholic Church. The very reverse is, of course, the truth; it was the Church in the early ages that first gave to woman her rightful position in the social order, and it is to Protestantism, with its fierce hatred of the Blessed Virgin, that the social and political subjection of modern woman to man must be largely ascribed.

Crosses for Kisses.

The practice of appending a number of crosses at the end of a letter standing as the symbols of kisses from the sender to the receiver, although looked upon in the later days as rather silly and ignorant, appears, nevertheless, to be a custom having the respectability of a remote antiquity. A recent writer in "Notes and Queries" gives a good reason for his assertion that these crosses appended to a letter meant originally that the receiver would share in the prayers of the sender, and that for every cross appended an Ave was offered up.

The Catholic Sisters of Molokai.

Not the least of the interesting objects in the leper settlement, at Molokai, is the work of the Franciscan Sisters, who have charge of the Bishop and Baldwin Homes. These sisters make no parade of religious faith; do not trumpet their self sacrifice; exhibit no unholy ambition for reward or fame. They discharge a simple obligation, voluntarily assumed, but which involves exile, and danger, and the final abandonment of the associations, which are the chief pleasures of life.

On this little slip of land, jutting out from the precipitous mountains, with the ocean to complete its isolation, may be seen an instance of the rare energy of absolute faith.

For the credit of humanity, and with the larger inspiration of the divine thought, certainly a few, at least, of the Protestant body, in Hawaii, may humbly say to the Roman Catholic Church: "Here, on these islands, was our field of labor, and we hoped to make it exclusive. You came unwelcomed to us. But when there arose a ghastly spectacle of rotting and deformed humanity, and it seethed and stank in its pitiful exile, and it demanded a life sacrifice for its repulsive offices, we forgot our presumptive rights, and stopped, and stood aside, on the highway, and allowed a troop of Samaritans, of your faith, and under your cross, to quickly pass us, into that valley of despair, and suffering, and in the name of Christ and His holy Mother, administer the humblest services to the outcasts, who sorely needed them. We, Protestants, on our knees, salute them."

Some years ago, the founder of the great school for negros and Indians, at Hampton, Va., wrote, that the finest work done among the Indian tribes of the West, was done by a Catholic priest. Intolerance scowled and said at him, "You belittle your own faith." He replied, "That priest makes a newer and broader faith for me."

After all, while publicly acknowledging the noble work of these Sisters, it must not be forgotton, that, in every place, there are "uncrowned," unknown women, with a faith and a charity, and self-sacrifice as strong, and divine, as that of these admirable devotees of Molokai. But the imperfect vision of men, clouded with ignorance and prejudice, does not see them.—Honolulu Advertiser.

Where Women Have Suffrage.

In Great Britain women vote for all elective officers except members of parliament.

In France the women teachers elect women members on all boards of education.

In Sweden women vote for all elective officers except representatives; also, indirectly, for members of the house of lords.

In Ireland the women vote for the harbor boards, poor law guardians, and in Belfast for municipal officers.

In Russia women householders vote for all elective officers and on all local matters.

In Austria Hungary they vote, by proxy, for all elective officers.

In Italy widows vote for members of parliament.

In all the countries of Russian Asia they can do so wherever a Russian colony settles.

Women have municipal suffrage in Cape Colony, which rules a million square miles.

Municipal woman suffrage rules in New Zealand, and at parliamentary elections.

In the Dominion of Canada women have municipal suffrage in every province and also in the Northwest Territories. In Ontario they vote for all elective officers except in the election of members of the legislature and parliament.

In the United States twenty-eight states and territories have given women some form of suffrage.

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INCIDENTS OF ARMY LIFE.

Unpleasant Social Experiences Sometimes Experienced In Posts and Garrisons.

Notwithstanding the fact that the officers of the American army are the very pink of courtesy, they sometimes in post and garrison life have very unpleasant social experiences. An officer in a garrison is assigned quarters not according to the necessities of his family, but in accordance with his rank.

It therefore comes out quite frequently when a new officer is sent to a post that there are many changes of quarters, so as to make room for him. When a new major arrives, for instance, he selects the quarters that suit him best, it matters not who occupies them, provided the occupant is below him in rank. He can turn out a major lower on the list or any captain or lieutenant, and each of these when dispossessed can choose for himself what quarters suit him best if occupied by an inferior in rank. One move, therefore, may make a dozen others. The women of the army, it is said, are greater sticklers for their rights than the men. But the men themselves, while preserving all the forms of highest courtesy, sometimes push their authority to the fullest limit.

For instance, at a two company post in the west some years ago a captain of infantry was in command, as his commission was of older date than that of the captain of cavalry also there. The two captains were mutually antipathic. In their official intercourse all the forms were observed, but still it was plain to all that they cordially disliked each other. One day the senior captain ordered the junior to take a file of men to the forest and cut the firewood needed for the winter. This duty ordinarily would have been given to a sergeant or corporal. The cavalry captain had no recourse and was obliged to obey. Just as he got outside the post the mail, which came only now and then at intervals of a week or so, arrived, and the cavalryman stopped for letters. One of these brought him his commission as major. He at once issued an order taking command of the post and then another order assigning the wood chopping duty to the late commandant.—Chicago Times.

PAINTINGS OF CHRIST.

The Face as Depicted by Some of the More Modern Artists.

Among the more modern paintings representing the Saviour is that by Correggio, painted in the sixteenth century. It represents Christ with short curly beard, with long waving hair, surmounted by a crown of thorns. There is a look of mute anguish on his face that is heartrending, but nevertheless the face is rather weak.

The most terrible likeness is that painted at about the same time as that of Correggio by Albert Durer. It represents a powerful face, with a Grecian cast of countenance, with eyes distorted by pain and anguish, and even a trifle of anger is apparent.

The Christ of Raphael, a contemporary of both the above, is an essentially Italian work, the face being Italian, although the model for the forehead and upper face was evidently a woman. The Rembrandt Christ of the seventeenth century wears an unpleasant expression about the mouth and has too long a face to be perfect, yet it is one of the great artist's last efforts.

Perhaps the most fantastic picture of Christ is that painted in the fifteenth century by Leonardo da Vinci. It represents the Saviour looking over his shoulder, a cynical smile on his face. A hand may be seen in his hair, evidently drawing the head to one side. It cannot compare in beauty, however, to the same artist's face of Christ in the famous "Lord's Supper."

The noblest and the grandest is that by Titian, painted in the sixteenth century. It is a face of resignation, of firmness—strong, yet mild; mild, yet strong. Titian was 90 years old when he painted this, and it is considered as one of his masterpieces.

Of the absolutely modern paintings of Christ those of Munkaczy, Ary Sheffer and Gabriel Marx rank highest. Still every one of these is an imaginary production, and the Saviour will still continue to be the "Man of Mystery."—Edgar Mels in Home and Country.

Good When You Find It.

Judge Caldwell of North Carolina was slow to see the point of a joke. On trying a case on one occasion the solicitor called in vain for a witness named Sarah Mooney. As she did not answer he informed the court that he could not proceed "without ceremony." The bar laughed, but the judge looked puzzled. Some weeks after that when at home the point dawned on him, and he broke into a loud laugh. Upon his wife inquiring the cause of his merriment he explained that the solicitor had called Sallie Mooney, and when she did not answer he had said he could not proceed without ceremony. The wife said she did not see the point. The judge said it had taken him three weeks to find it, but when she did see it it would be very funny.—Green Bag.

Dreadful Possibility.

It was evident that they were man and wife and were returning from assisting at the wedding of two of their friends. "Wouldn't it be awful," she was heard to say to him, "if they were to live together long enough to find out that the silver we gave them was only plated?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Wife Beaters In Germany.

They know how to treat wife beaters in Germany. The brutal husband has to work all through the week, turn over his wages to his wife on pay day and go to jail Saturday night and Sunday. About two weeks of this sort of fun takes all the wickedness out of a fellow.—New York World.

Did Her Best.

Miss Elderly—I shall never marry.

Laura—Probably not, but you made a brave fight.—Philadelphia Times.

A HOUSE WITH A ROMANCE.

First the Home of a Quaint Quaker and Then of a Lottery King.

On a tongue of wooded land formed by the Glebe and Goldsborough creeks in Talbot county there is a house with a romantic story. When, in 1661, Wenlock Christison, the Quaker, was seized by a Puritan mob headed by the Rev. Seaborn Cotton, tried and condemned by Governor Endicott to die, pardoned by the king and let off with a flogging at the cart's tail on the highway, he found sanctuary in Maryland, where Lord Baltimore granted him asylum on the tongue of land that cools itself in the pleasant waters of St. Michael's river—Miles they call it now. Here the indomitable Quaker abode and prospered, wearing his hat in the presence of governors and magistrates and testifying for "the truth and the light" without fear of clubs or cart tails. Those easy going eastern shoremen actually made him a burgess, and he and his descendants long dwelt in peace in the old brick manor house, of which a fragment still survives.

In time by lapse of heirs the place fell to the possession of Richard France, the famous "lottery king" of Maryland, who built the turreted villa there and adorned the ground with fountains and winding walks, conservatories and garden gods, to the effusive wonder and admiration of the natives. But Maryland, taking up scruples, set her face against lotteries, and France for a time coquetted with Delaware until Delaware in like manner turned prudish, and the last we hear of the "lottery king" is that he had died in a debtor's prison.

Then the garden gods fell on their faces, and thorns sprang up and choked them, and all was desolation and respectability. Again the villa waited not in vain, for one day the windows were opened, exposing all the ghastly gaps in their panes, and a strange man, untidy and shock headed, pottered about in the weedy, seedy garden, a grim and churlish recluse. But negro curiosity, once sharply piqued, is persistent and penetrating, and forthwith Ethiopia began to gossip about the strange man, how that he was a blacksmith from Connecticut and an oracle in local political circles, one to whom "Big Six" was a spell to conjure with. And presently the disheveled interloper was joined by a bearded and venerable companion, with a head like a pear, who lurked and waited behind the close gates and the screen of shrubbery. Then a furtive yacht at night in St. Michael's river took the bearded mystery aboard and was off to the bay and the sea, and the police, who went poking about the place a day or two later, looked foolish and asked one another inane conundrums about the cunning flitting of Boss Tweed.—"Old Maryland Homes and Ways" in Century.

PAINTED AND DYED.

Such Are the Arab Girls Before They Enter the Harem.

Arab girls before they enter the harem and take the veil are a curious sight to behold. Their bodies and faces are dyed a bright yellow with turmeric. On this ground they paint black lines with antimony over their eyes. The fashionable color for the nose is red. Green spots adorn the cheeks, and the general aspect is grotesque beyond description.

My wife tells me that the belles in the sultan's harem are also painted in this fashion, and that they also paint gloves on their hands and shoes on their feet, and thus bedizened hope to secure the affections of their lords. At Shief the men would not allow my wife to approach or hold any intercourse with the Arab women, using opprobrious epithets when she tried to make friendly overtures, with the quaint result that whenever Mrs. Bent advanced toward a group of gazing females they fled precipitately, like a flock of sheep before a collie dog. These women wear their dresses high in front, showing their yellow legs above the knee, and long behind. They are of deep blue cotton, decorated with fine embroidery and patches of yellow and red sewed on in pattern.

It is the universal female dress in Hadramut and looks as if the fashion had not changed since the days when Hazarmaveth, the patriarch, settled in this valley and gave it its name (Genesis x, 28). The tall, tapering straw hat worn by these women when in the fields contributes, with the mask, to make the Hadrami females as externally repulsive as the most jealous of husbands could desire.—Nineteenth Century.

A Wonderful Mirage.

The people of Belleville, a little village of 150 inhabitants situated on the St. Lawrence river nearly 300 miles from Montreal, were recently surprised by a beautiful mirage which hung over the town for nearly an hour. It was the image of a six story brick building and was so clear cut and well defined that the color of the bricks and mortar could be plainly distinguished. Everybody in the little village gathered on the river bank and watched the beautiful vision as it slowly faded away to the northward. Whether the original of the mirage is a building situated in Montreal, Quebec or some city of New York state has not yet been determined and probably never will be, owing to the delusive character of such phenomena.—St. Louis Republic.

Not Permanent.

"Timmins says he is wedded to his art."

"You don't say! It is a wonder to me that he doesn't sue for divorce on the ground of nonsupport."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Popcorn pops because the essential oil in the corn is converted into gas by heat, and thus an explosion occurs which tears the kernel open and causes a singular inversion of its contents.

The outer layers of the alligator's skin are said to contain a large percentage of silica; hence the hardness of the animal's hide.

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Get ten yearly subscribers, send $10 to the office, and retain $5 for your trouble.

Get twenty yearly subscribers, send $20 to the office, retaining $10 commission.

Get forty yearly subscribers, send $40 to the office, retaining $20 commission.

Get fifty subscribers, send $50 to the office, retaining $25 commission.

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MARY'S LITTLE CAMERA.

A little camera Mary had—
She did not think it wrong—
And every place that Mary went
She took the thing along.

'Twas of the instantaneous kind.
'Twould take the lightning's flash
Or anything more quickly than
The miser takes his cash.

She tried the camera on a fly
And caught it as it flew,
And of the busy, buzzing bee
She got a splendid view.

But when she tried to catch a boy
Who o'er his schoolbooks pored
The instantaneous process failed—
She was completely floored.

The times when he began a task
Were very, very few,
And when he did begin she failed
Since he so soon was through.
—James Castle in Home and Country.

A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

One Case In Which the Patient Would Rather Fight Than Take It.

The man from the tamaracks had been standing around the Brush Street station so long that the policeman on duty concluded he would tackle him on suspicion, so he crossed the street and approached the man standing on the sidewalk.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the officer.

"Nothin," was the quiet response.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothin."

"What are you after?"

"Nothin."

"What do you want?"

"Nothin."

The officer was getting tired.

"Well," he said sarcastically, "why don't you take it and go?"

"I am, soon's that train gits ready to start."

The officer looked at his victim curiously.

"That's all right," laughed the visitor. "I ain't goin to steal the street car track ner a house and not ner a church steeple. I ain't got no use fer 'em up my way. I live a piece up here onto a farm. I've been workin fer five years tryin to life a mortgage on my place. It's the heaviest liftin I ever undertuck. Got it h'isted at last, though, and felt good, but the doctor said I needed rest and a change of scene. Told me I'd better come down to Detroit and do nothin for awhile. That's what I'm doin now. You've seen me at it. You'll do fer a witness in case I need one. I've been doin it since the train come in this mornin. It's the hardest work I ever done. I'd ruther lift mortgages. I'm goin back soon as that train starts. If that doctor says anything to me, I'll give him a lickin that'll make him think rest and change of scene restored me to strength and health in a supprisin manner. Now, you g'long about your business, and I'll tend to mind," but the officer talked with him till the train left and was invited to come up and spend a week with him.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Target.

In a New England courtroom one afternoon an energetic counsel was setting forth in no measured terms his opinion of certain testimony which had been given by one of the witnesses. As he talked he gesticulated freely and was particularly lavish in the use of the forefinger of his right hand, which assumed a decidedly threatening aspect as he progressed in his speech.

Suddenly a tall, lank countryman, who was directly in a line with this warning forefinger, rose from his seat among the jurymen.

"I jest tell ye what 'tis," said he. "I ain't done nothin I'm ashamed of. I ain't done nothin no way of no kind, so fur's I know, an I ain't a-goin to set here an be abused. Ef you say another word, I'll jest light out fer home."

"My dear sir," stammered the counsel, "my remarks were not intended for any member of the jury. They referred entirely to the witness."

"Well, then, you jest quit a-p'intin your finger at me when you're talkin like that," said the lank juryman without appearing to be much mollified by this statement. "If you do it agin, I'll break up his 'ere court, or my name ain't Joshuy Bowker."

And with a determined mien and fire in his eye Joshua Bowker at last subsided, and the counsel continued his harangue without further interruption.—Youth's Companion.

Economical Mr. Staybolt.

"The most economical man I know of," said Mr. Gratebar, "is my friend and neighbor, Mr. Staybolt. When he smokes a cigar, he lights it carefully and completely, so that it will burn perfectly and without waste, and having so lighted it he blows out the match. Of course he knows that a match once ignited is of no further use, but his habit of mind is such that he hates to see any waste of material whatever. Some men blow out a lighted match before throwing it away, so that no harm can come from it. Mr. Staybolt may have that in mind, too, but his actuating impulse no doubt springs from his spirit of economy."—New York Sun.

Charity.

The lady was making some remarks about the kind of clothes some other ladies at church had on.

"The finest garment a woman can wear," said her husband, "is the mantle of charity."

"Yes," she snapped, "and it's about the only one some husbands want their wives to wear."—Exchange.

Hadrian, one of the best Roman emperors, was married to Julia Sabina, Trajan's niece, but neglected her to such an extent that she went mad and killed herself.

St. Louis was named from Louis IX of France. The name was originally given to his depot and trading station by Pierre Laclede Liguest.

The Indians called the Des Moines river the Inyanshoh-shahwopka, "River of Red Stones."

PICTURESQUE PERSIAN FUNERALS.

Carrying the Remains of Defunct Pilgrims to the Gates of Paradise.

Saving an occasional "Yah khak!" from the throat of one of the tangle headed and wild eyed dervishes stalking along barefoot in the sand, not a sound breaks the stillness of the bright October morning as our caravan moves toward the bridge over the Holman river, that leads to the town of Khanekin, the customs and sanitary station of the Ottoman government, about three hours distance from the Turko-Persian frontier. It is a singular cavalcade we form, too, a veritable "caravan of the dead," for the true pilgrims among us are mainly defunct Persians, whose remains are being conveyed direct to djennet, the "gates of paradise," at the feet of their great saint and Aga, the Iman Hussein, at Kerbela. In front, and perched high up on the biggest camel that could be begged, borrowed or hired for the journey, rides our tshaush, or conductor, swarthy and turbanned, the blue in his garments proclaiming him a said or descendant of the prophet, The prophet, I may remark in passing, has a score of such in every Persian village. He holds aloft the royal ensign of the empire of the sun and lion, bearing the name of the shah and his own below it in letters of gold. Following him march the naashkesh, or "carriers of the dead," each at the head of a long string of mules laden with the remains intrusted to them.

The animals are led by charvadars—muleteers—and each bears two bodies, one slung on either side where the panniers would ordinarily be. The corpses, when intact, are carried in hermetically closed cases, but comparativley few of these are to be found, as a rule, among these defunct pilgrims. The expense would be too great. So the pious Persian who desires to give effect to the last wish of his departed parents waits until nothing of their remains is left but the skeleton, which is then swathed in bandages, mummy fashion, and handed over to the naashkesh to be taken to the gate of paradise, which every good Shute firmly believes is at the exact spot where the sainted Hussein is buried in Kerbela. Far the greater number of the mules comprised in our caravan are laden with such bandaged bones and swathed skeletons slung on each side, the outlines showing distinctly through wrappings as they swing to and fro with the measured pacing of the animals.—London Standard.

A CURIOSITY OF LUNACY.

Periodic Recurrence of Mania, by Which the Patient Lives Three Lives.

There is a special form of mental disease first described in France, whose definite character is given to it by its periodicity, and hence it is called folie-circulaire. In it there are three sections of the mental circle that the patient moves in—viz, elevation, depression and sanity—and in this round he spends his life, passing out of one into the other, for it is, when fully established, a very incurable disease.

The patient takes an attack of mania, during which he is joyous, restless, troublesome, extravagant and often vicious. He eats voraciously, sleeps little and never seems to tire. His temperature is a degree or so above the normal, his eye is bright and glistening, he is enamored of the other sex, he shows diminished self control and no common sense.

This lasts for a few weeks, or a few months more commonly, and then he passes sometimes gradually and sometimes rather suddenly into a condition of depression, during which he is sluggish, dull, looking differently, dressing differently, eating differently, fearful, unreliant and sedentary in habits.

This state will last a few weeks or months, and the patient will brighten up into what seems recovery and is to all intents and purposes in his normal state. This again lasts for a few weeks or months, and he gradually gets morbidly elevated. You find he is passing through every minute mental phase and habit he did at first. Depression follows, as before, and then sanity, and this round of three states of feeling, of intellect, of volition, and of nutrition, goes on, circle after circle, till the patient dies. He lives three lives.—Hospital.

Cleaning Bottles.

It is surprising, says a physician, how many people persist in cleaning bottles with shot after the frequent cautions that have been given. Nothing cleans bottles so easily as a handful of shot, which can be shaken into every corner until the glass fairly shines with cleanliness, but the danger of lead poisoning is great even when the bottle is rinsed out with clean water, and it is doubly dangerous when there is no rinsing out at all, as is usually the case. Clean sand is a convenient and thorough bottle cleanser, especially as the particles of sand which adhere must be afterward washed out to complete the process. When time is not an object, a bottle can be well cleansed by the aid of potato parings, but as they must be corked in and left to ferment the plan is not expeditious enough for general use.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Suez Canal Electric Lights.

The value of electric light as a saver of time and money is strikingly illustrated in a return made of the average time occupied by ships in passing through the Suez canal. With the electric light the journey is accomplished in eight minutes under 20 hours. Without the light 31 hours and 24 minutes is the time usually required.—London Sun.

In His Element.

Attendant — Professor Pithon, the naturalist, has got the d. t.'s tonight. Imagines he's surrounded by all sorts of queer snakes.

Head Physician—Is he greatly terrified?

Attendant—Not at all. He's sitting there, with a sweet smile on his face, classifying them.—London Telegraph.

THE COLISEUM.

O Coliseum! ruin vast and strong,
Defiant still, spite power of time and fate,
Thou holdest well thy solitary state
Amid new worlds that idly round thee throng.
And through the centuries thou dost prolong
The majesty of Rome, her mighty weight
Of will, upraised above the little great,
And quick to punish all who did her wrong.
But I behold, cold and indifferent,
Unmoved by awful sternness of thy face,
Heedless of all the memories which have lent
To thy unyielding form a tender grace,
For thou art but the shameless monument
Of the fierce strength of an unloving race.
—Rev. J. L. Spalding in Catholic World.

SCHOOL DIPLOMACY.

On a morning in the early part of December, in the year 1876, 25 or 30 pupils, comprising boys and girls of different ages, were standing in front of a country schoolhouse in central Illinois. They were awaiting their new teacher, who was on this day to open the winter term of school.

The young people were all engaged in conversation. There were many speculations as to the appearance of the person who had been intrusted with the tutorship of the rising generation in district No. 6. Numerous opinions were expressed as to the success or failure of the forthcoming term.

A short distance from the main body of pupils five big boys were congregated. These talked in earnest tones. The oldest as well as the largest of the group was Sam Gaines, a coarse boned, robust looking fellow of 20 years. He was the center of attraction and did most of the speaking. It was evident that his comrades looked upon him as a sort of leader.

"The d'rectors of this deestrict can't hev much of an eye for bizness," said Sam. "Las' winter we cleaned out three strappin schoolmasters. The year before we licked one man and sent him away with scars and bruises, while three women left a-bawlin. Now they hev hired a city belle, and I s'pose she is badly stuck up, but I reckon we'll soon show her the ways of deestrict No. 6."

"You just bet your life," said John Sanders, who was in size ranked next to Sam. "If the purty girl doesn't know the history of No. 6, she will be treated to a fine s'prise party."

Suddenly a girl made her appearance in the yard and walked briskly toward the schoolhouse. She was perhaps not more than 18 years of age, slight of stature and handsome. One could perceive at a glance that she was endowed with a keen intellect.

The pupils craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the newcomer, who was Miss Laura Thomas, the teacher. The young lady bowed graciously to all and smiled sweetly. Then she hastened into the schoolhouse.

Having arrived in the schoolroom, Miss Thomas seated herself in the armchair behind the teacher's desk and looked around with the greatest composure. She knew full well the unsavory reputation of the school which she was about to manage. She had learned ere she signed her contract with the directors how her predecessors had fled from their duties in confusion. Indeed she had been warned by the very men who employed her to consider carefully the step she was taking. But this caused her little concern. She apprehended no difficulty. Her heart was filled with confidence.

The pupils came into the house and eyed the instructress. The big boys especially regarded the schoolma'am with expressions of mingled curiosity and disdain.

Miss Thomas studiously inspected the latter, as if attempting to single out a particular one in the group. Finally she arose and approached Sam.

"Mr. Gaines, will you be so kind as to bring in a bucket of water?" she asked, with a smile.

The manner and wording of this speech completely amazed the big boy. He nodded assent, and grasping the bucket hurried away, followed closely by his four companions, who snickered loudly when they were on the outside.

"You stop your laughin," said Sam, displaying considerable embarrassment. "This girl understands eterquette. There's nothin funny about that, as I can see."

When Sam returned to the room, the teacher heartily thanked him. At the same time she seized the opportunity to inform the young man that she desired to converse with him alone for a moment. Waving all the other pupils away, she spoke to Sam in a low voice.

"It is quite an undertaking to teach this school," she said. "There is much hard work before me, and I would like to do it well. I have taught school for two years, and my efforts have always been crowned with success. This will be my last term, and I should greatly regret making a failure. It would be a terrible humiliation. There is one way by which I can succeed. It is by your aid. With your help it will be an easy task to teach this school. I take you to be a gentleman, Mr. Gaines. May I not hope to have your unqualified co-operation?"

Sam Gaines looked admiringly into the beautiful face before him, and his eyes met the girl's, which imploringly rested upon him. He was deeply moved by the eloquent plea. He began to feel a genuine pity for the teacher, and when he gazed at the frail form his compassion was emphasized. The marked consideration which Miss Thomas had shown him also took effect in another direction. It produced in Sam a sentiment of profound respect for the young lady.

"I have always been unruly in school," he said, "and many is the teachers as hev feared me. But you appear like a lady, and as far as I am concerned you shall hev no trouble. And mebbe I can even assist you in keepin others quiet. At any rate, you need not be afraid that you will be rudely treated while I am around."

Scarcely had the pupils been seated when the big boys glanced at Sam for a signal to begin creating a disturbance. But Sam did not notice them. He gave constant attention to his books. During the whole day there was perfect order in the schoolroom.

In the evening Sam, who, to reach his home, was obliged to pass the house in which the teacher boarded, walked by the side of the latter and carried her books and dinner pail. Never before had he paid such polite attention to a tutoress.

The next morning he went to school in a costume which differed wonderfully from the one which he wore on the previous day. He wore his best clothes, his face was smoothly shaved, and a bright polish was visible on his boots.

"Hello! Here comes our dude!" cried John Sanders when Sam arrived in the yard. "Just look at him, boys. Say, Sam, what's the mattter with you anyhow? What do you mean by layin us poor fellows in the shade like this?"

"Oh, I just want to look respectable, that's all," said Sam. "You see we've got a teacher who knows something now for once, and I consider under these circumstances that I should appear decent in the schoolroom."

Sam's four big schoolmates laughed heartily at these words. They accepted them as having been uttered in the spirit of a jest.

"But, leavin all jokes aside, when do we begin operations?" queried John.

"I don't understand you," said Sam, feigning ignorance.

"Why, when are we to take charge of this school and run it to suit ourselves?" explained John.

"Boys, I'm not with you this term," replied Sam.

"What! You're not goin back on us, are you?" anxiously inquired John. "You certainly don't propose to forsake us in this way. Sam, this is a capital joke you're tryin to play on us."

"But I am serious, boys," said Sam. "I'm old enough to know how valuable is an education. Miss Thomas is a good teacher, and I spect to learn somethin this term."

The school had been in session less than 15 minutes when John sent a paper wad flying across the room. An outbreak of laughter followed, in which nearly all the pupils participated.

Emboldened by this applause, John threw several other balls. The teacher detected him.

"Have you been throwing these paper balls?" she asked, looking straight at the perpetrator of the mischief.

"Yep," coolly replied John.

"You may come forward with your book and stand on the floor," firmly demanded the teacher.

"I reckon not," said John.

"You must obey my command, or I will be compelled to send you home," said Miss Thomas.

"I refuse to do either," was the answer. "I'll not stand on the floor, nor will I leave school. I'll stay right here and do as I please."

The teacher became alarmed. Her face grew as pale as death, and her frame trembled. She bent her head, looked to the floor and reflected on what course to pursue.

Sam Gaines sat silent in his seat during this brief dialogue. When the sound of John's last words had died away, he arose, took off his coat and advanced toward the disobedient pupil. His eyes flashed, and his brawny arm was uplifted.

"Go and stand on the floor or take your books and be off," he shouted in a commanding voice. "Do you hear what I say?"

The teacher was aroused from her meditations and looked up. Then she saw that John Sanders quailed beneath the stern and angry gaze of the one time disturber of the peace. Without saying a word the offender quietly walked forward and took his position on the floor.

From that day Laura Thomas encountered no further difficulties. The big boys respected the will of Sam, and instead of racking their brains to invent schemes with which to harass the teacher they applied themselves vigorously to their studies. The children made remarkable progress, and at the close of the term folks declared that Miss Thomas was the best teacher who ever taught in district No. 6.

After adjournment on the last day of school Sam lingered at the door. He was waiting for the schoolma'am in order that he might walk home with her. Soon a fashionably dressed gentleman, wearing a silk hat, drove into the yard in a buggy drawn by a span of handsome black horses. The teacher seemed to expect him, for she immediately gathered together her books, and after thanking Sam for his many acts of kindness left the room and got into the buggy.

Sam watched the vehicle with a look of dejection until it had entirely disappeared from view.

"Who is the young man who took the teacher away?" he inquired of one of the older girls.

"Why, that is her beau, Charlie Layton," was the response. "They are to be married in two weeks."

Sam ground his teeth, and a shadow passed over his face.

"Ef I had knowed that," he said bitterly, "Miss Laura Thomas' last term of school would ha' been broke up long 'fore this."—Chicago News.

A Lucky Purchase.

The Manchester Courier says that just before the Zulu war there was in Mauritius a stamp collector who was a friend of the local postmaster. One day he learned that there was to be a clearance of old stock and obtained permission to buy it all as waste. It occurred to him that he might do the same at other small colonial postoffices and acquire stamps without difficulty. One of his Mauritius stamps he sold not long ago for $4,250, and, according to the Manchester Courier, he has already made between $100,000 and $150,000 by his investment.

That man or woman who is daily ministering to the highest needs of his and her fellow mortals is an angel in human form.

WORKS HE STUDIED.

THE KIND OF LITERATURE THAT INTERESTED NAPOLEON.

He Fell Under the Influence of Abbe Raynal, Who Advised Him to Read More Before Writing—He Was Partial to History, Politics and Geography.

Rousseau had been the prophet and forerunner of the new social dispensation. The scheme for applying its principles is found in a work which bears the name of a very mediocre man, the Abbe Raynal, a man who enjoyed in his day an extended and splendid reputation which now appears to have had only the slender foundations of unmerited persecution and the friendship of superior men. In 1770 appeared over his name a volume of which he was the compiler, but not the author. "Philosophical and Political History of the Establishments and Commerce of the Europeans In the Two Indies" is a miscellany compounded of extracts from many sources and of short essays by Raynal's brilliant acquaintances on superstition, tyranny and similar themes. The reputed author had written for the public prints and had published several works, none of which attracted attention. The amazing success of this one was not remarkable if, as the critics now believe, at least a third of the book was by Diderot. The position of the self styled author as a man of letters immediately became a foremost one, and such was the vogue of the work that the authorities finally became alarmed. A dramatic climax to Raynal's renown was secured when in 1781 the volume was condemned to be burned and the writer fled for safety into exile. The storm had finally subsided, he had returned to France, and communication was opened between the great man and his aspiring reader.

"Not yet 18," are the startling words in the letter written by Bonaparte, "I am a writer. It is the age when we must learn. Will my boldness subject me to your raillery? No; I am sure. If indulgence be a mark of true genius, you should have much indulgence. I inclose chapters 1 and 2 of a history of Corsica, with an outline of the rest. If you approve, I will go on; if you advise me to stop, I will go no further." These chapters as they came to Raynal's hands are not in existence, so far as is known, and posterity can never judge how monumental their author's assurance was. The abbe's reply was kindly, but he advised the novice to complete his researches and then to rewrite his pieces. Bonaparte was not unwilling to profit by the counsels he received. Soon after, in July, he gave two orders to a Genevese bookseller, one for books concerning Corsica, another for the memoirs of Mme. de Warens and her servant, Claude Anet, which are a sort of supplement to Rousseau's "Confessions." The young historian's letter teems with bad spelling and bad grammar, but it is saturated with the spirit of his time.

Some of the lagging days were not only spent in novel reading, as the emperor in after years confessed to Mme. de Remusat, but in attempts at novel writing to relieve the tedium of idle hours. It is said that first and last Bonaparte read "Werther" five times through. Enough remains among his boyish scribblings to show the kind of fantastic dreams both of love and of glory in which he indulged. Many entertain a shrewd suspicion that amid the gayeties of the winter he lost his heart, or thought he did, and was repulsed. At least, in his "Dialogue on Love," written five years later, he says, "I, too, was once in love," and proceeds, after a few lines, to decry the sentiment as harmful to mankind, a something from which God would do well to emancipate it. There seems to have been in the interval no opportunity for philandering so good as the one he had enjoyed in the drawing rooms of Mme. de Colombier. It has at all events been the good fortune of that excellent and charming woman to secure, by this supposition, a place in history not merely as the influential patroness of Napoleon, but as the mother of his first love.

But these were his avocations. The real occupation of his time was study. Besides reading again the chief works of Rousseau and devouring the Abbe Raynal, his most beloved author, he also read much in the works of Voltaire, of Filangieri, of Necker and of Adam Smith. With notebook and pencil he extracted, annotated and criticised, his mind alert and every faculty bent to the clear apprehension of the subject in hand. To the conception of the state as a private corporation, which he had imbibed from Rousseau, was now added the conviction that the institutions of France were no longer adapted to the occupations, beliefs or morals of her people, and that revolution was a necessity. To judge from a memoir presented some years later to the Lyons Academy, he must have absorbed the teachings of the "Two Indies" almost entire.

The consuming zeal for studies on the part of this incomprehensible youth is probably unparalleled. Having read Plutarch in his childhood, he now devoured Herodotus, Strabo and Diodorus. China, Arabia and the Indies dazzled his imagination, and what he could lay hands upon concerning the east was soon assimilated. England and Germany next engaged his attention, and toward the close of his studies he became ardent in examining the minutest details of French history. It was, moreover, the science of history and not of literature which occupied him — dry details of revenue, resources and institutions. The Sorbonne, the bull Unigenitus and church history in general, the character of peoples, the origin of institutions, the philosophy of legislation—all these he studied, and if the character of his notes is trustworthy with some thoroughness. He also found time to read the masterpieces of French literature and the great critical judgments which had been passed upon them.—Professor William M. Sloane in Century.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of December.

St. Joseph's Home, Park Hill.
Notre Dame College, San Jose.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, January 5th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES
Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Dec. 30, Sunday—St. Sabinus, M. (301.)
Dec. 31, Monday—Vigil—St. Sylvester, P. (335,)
Jan. 1, Tuesday—T. (Of Precept)—Circumcision of Our Lord (New Year.)
Jan. 2, Wednesday—W. Octave of St. Stephen.—S. Macarius (Hermit 391)
Jan. 3, Thursday—Th. Octave of St. John—S. Genevieve V. (512.)—PR., H. H.
Jan. 4, Friday—First Friday—Octave Holy Innocents—B. Angela, W. (O. S. F., 1309.)—1st. D., A. C.
Jan. 5, Saturday—St. Vigil.—S. Telesphorus, P. M. (139.)

To Our Readers.

Very sincerely and heartily do we wish all our Readers grace abundant and happiness for 1895. The CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is a bond of sympathy and of special brotherly love.

With the spread and increase of intellectual training, we feel the increased need of an intellectual knowledge of Catholic doctrine. To the lessons of Catechism learnt in early days, there is need to add a clear definite statement as well as the reasonable grounds of our belief. To render in popular language the dogmas of our religion as well as the technical terminology of our theologians, is our ambition. The Faith of our Fathers thus becomes the highest intellectual food. We have no pretensions to be theologians, much less do we claim to be teachers. Our priests and bishops are the only authorized exponents of revelation. We only reproduce in our own way the faith we have learned. In doing this we wish to be thoroughly Roman, not only in obedience to decision, but also in following the Roman tone and spirit in what we say. For us love of the Pope and the Holy See and the Apostolic Delegate shown in obedience is our watchword both for doctrine and discipline.

We feel profoundly the duty of charity imposed on Catholics individually, mingling in daily life with our follow citizens, to aid in bringing them into the One Fold under the One Shepherd. The workings of the Holy Spirit are manifest among them. And whenever opportunity is afforded, it is our pleasure to cite from their journals the trend of religious thought towards the Church. The same spirit leads us to gather from our own press and literature whatever may dispel the ignorance and bigotry which our countrymen have unhappily, through little fault of their own, inherited. We pity the blind; with them are we patient and sympathetic. Where spiritual blindness obtains, there is a greater obligation to be kind, considerate, patient teachers. This is the spirit we aim at in the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC.

We are citizens of a great nation. Though born of but one generation on the soil of the United States our minds and hearts are intensely American. To sustain and perpetuate the glorious Constitution of our Fathers, we are convinced that God's own Religion, the teachings of the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church are an absolute necessity. Hence our continuous effort to uphold authority, to show that all power is of God, and that obedience for conscience' sake is the true basis of civic duties,

The kind appreciation of the Catholic press, the encouragement of ecclesiastics and laymen, the citations from our columns in various secular and non-Catholic papers, and the steady increase, week by week, in our circulation, all prove that so far we have not labored in vain. Whlle then thanking Our Readers for their valued aid, we ask them among their friends and acquaintances who may approve of our aims to give further assistance in making known and spreading the California Catholic. Its motto is "For Faith and Fatherland," and its protectrice is Mary Immaculate.

It is the duty of a bishop in his diocese to bear witness to the faith and tradition of the Church, to watch over purity of doctrine, to guard the morals of his flock, to maintain discipline among his clergy. In the exercise of his episcopal office Right Rev. Dr. Manogue, Bishop of Sacramento, in gentle, paternal, decisive language, has condemned the Catholic ladies of Yreka for advertising a mask ball, the proceeds from which would be igven to decorate the sanctuary. This dignified utterance will be found among our local news. The mundane methods followed by many to collect money for religious purposes is a standing reproach, and oftentimes a gross scandal to those within and without the Church.

The Apostleship of Prayer has like the Rosary, captured the Ctholic world by its simplicity. It goes straight to the the hearts of the faithful. Fifty years ago in the Jesuit College of Vals in France, a few zealous young scholastics were moved to establish some special devotion to the Sacred Heart. From this modest but earnest beginning in a few sincere hearts the Apostleship of Prayer has grown with the years till it now embraces within its membership upwards of twenty millions of human souls. In America, Australia, Africa and every country in Europe the devotion flourishes with ever increasing vigor. A new impetus has been given to this league in our country by the removal of its centre of action to New York. The Cathedral association now numbers 26,000.

There are six United Catholic Churches in the Orient. (1) The Greek Melchite Catholics of which Mgr. Joussef is Patriarch. (2) The Armenian Catholics whose Patriarch is Mgr. Azanian, with residence at Constantinople. (3) The Syriac, whose Patriarch is Mgr. Benham Benni with residence at Wardin. (4) The Chaldean, whose Patriarch, Mgr. Abolonian, resides at Mossoul. (5) The Maronite, whose Patriarch is Mgr. Peter Hagg. (6) That of the Coptic rite directed by a Vicar Apostolic.

Cardinal Vanutelli, who from residence in the Orient has had opportunities to familiarize himself with the different Greek schismatic sects, found but little learning among their priests. The Catholic doctrine of Purgatory though not in name is generally held. The question of the procession of the Holy Ghost will scarcely be a difficulty in the way of reunion. His Eminence very rightly considers that the learned disquisitions of the Schools will play very little part in bringing the Schismatics into the Unity of God's Church.

Cardinal Vaughan has addressed a second letter to the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo begging earnestly for the prayers of Catholic Spain that England may return to her Ancient Faith. "We discuss" says His Eminence, "and argue, and controvert, but perhaps sometimes not too wisely. Our main hope must be in the power and influence of prayer, for the conversion of souls is the work of Divine Grace."

Holy Church on New Year's Eve, sings a Te Deum in thanksgiving for the many mercies received during the year about to close. It is a pious practice among her children to say with contrite heart the Miserere for sins and shortcomings.

All Catholics rejoice to learn that Dr. McGlynn is once more in submission to his Archbishop, and now has care of a parish.

The Pope and the Czar.

Here is a piece of interesting news that has been translated from the Paris Soleil of Nov. 30th:

"The Czar Nicholas has charged his minister near the Vatican, M. Swolski, to hand over to Sovereign Pontif a copy of the official declaration sent out recently from the Russian Chancelry, and which contains the political program of the new Emperor. This act of high courtesy proves that Nicholas II. places Leo XIII. on the same footing as European sovereigns, and that he intends to treat him with equal deference.

"Everything leads to the hope that the relations between the Vatican and Russia so friendly in the last two years of the preceeding Czar will continue under the new their cordial character. The Poles complain a little of this amicable understanding between Russia and the Holy See. They accuse the Pope of sacrificing them; the truth is that Leo XIII. does not admit that one should mix or identify religion with nationality. His mission is to protect and defend the former; as to the latter, it does not depend on him to revive it. We know by the lessons of the Pontificate of Pius IX. the persecutions the Catholics of the Russian Empire suffered because of this confusion of Polish nationality and Catholicism, and the essence of Leo XIII.'s policy is to separate the Church and the religion of different political parties, agnostic and others. The policy of the Pope in Poland and in Russia is the same in principle as in France and elsewhere. We are assured, however, that Leo XIII. is not neglecting the Poles, and we have already seen the result of that policy in the action of the Russian government towards the Church."

Spiritual Authority.

(*Continued from first page,*)

ficial power. Up to this time in England, priests were ordained by the words "Receive the Holy Ghost for the offering of sacrifice for the living and the dead. Whose sins you shall forgive. they are forgiven; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." And with these were given a chalice and paten as instruments of Sacrifice. But the new 'Service of Ordering Priests' omits the words giving sacrificing power as well as the instruments. It merely says: "Receive the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive etc., and be thou a faithful dispenser of the Word of God and of His holy Sacraments," and with these was delivered a Bible. Orders, contrary to the teaching of both East and West, was by the 25th of the Thirty-nine Articles "not to be counted for a Sacrament of the Gospel..... and has not any visible sign or ceremony ordained of God." "No one," says Cardinal Vaughan, "who compares the ancient rites of ordination and the liturgy of the Sacrifice of the Mass with the rites substituted by Cranmer can fail to see that every idea of a sacerdotal or sacrificing character are carefully eliminated." It is true the word Priest occurs in the Prayer Book, but this does not make a priest, no more than the term Bishop among Methodists confers episcopal consecration. And the addition after Receive the Holy Ghost, "for the office of a pricst," introduced in the reign of Charles II, even if sufficient came too late, as the other had been in use for 103 years and of necessity broke the succession. As the idea of Sacrifice was lost to the laity, so too was that of a Sacrificing Priesthood. Among them you hear of Protestant Ministers but never of Protestant Priests; by priests they mean the Roman clergy. This is the mind of the majority of the present Anglican bishops. It is very clearly expressed in the charge of the Bishop of London in October 1842: "Our Blessed Lord has given to His Church, *not a new order of sacrificing priests;* but some Apostles, etc. We hold in *opposition* to the Church of Rome, that the offering of a propitiary sacrifice to God is *not one of the functions* and privileges of the Christian Ministery.

4. The clergy of all the Greek Sects are true priests and bishops, and were they to submit to the See of St. Peter, they would not be reordained or re-consecrated. They and their followers firmly believe in, and exercise the Priesthood according to the order of Melchisidec.

With the Anglican clergy it is far otherwise. They are in the eyes of the Church, laymen. And after entering her fold, to become priests they are unconditionally ordained. Profound scholars and ardent lovers of the Anglican Communion when of it, like Newman Manning, Oakley, Dalgarus and others, never felt after their submission, that the Anglican ordination had conferred on them sacerdotal power.

The Tractarian movement has begotten an ever increasing body of Anglican clergy, who persuade themselves that they are true priests, and do offer a true sacrifice. Their piety and zeal none can deny. But How they, or other supports of the Branch Theory, in face of the above undeniable historical facts, can hold such conviction is passing strange. It is only surpassed by Bishop Nichols finding "Apostolic lineage" in the Protestant Episcopal Ministry.

T. J. CAPEL.

St. Ignatius.

On Monday night, New Year's Eve, there will be solemn high vespers and the Te Deum will be sung in thanksgiving for favors received during the past year.

On New Year's day a solemn high mass will be celebrated at 10:30 o'clock. The music will be rendered by the full choir and orchestra. In the evening at the solemn high vespers the music will be rendered by the same choir.

The schools will re-open on Thursday, the 3rd prox.

NEW YEAR'S IN JAPAN.

The Custom of Making Gifts Prevails. Holiday Street Scenes.

On New Year's day the Japanese tradesmen send their customers small offerings, usually of something in their line of business. A grocer will give perhaps a pound of sugar or a little package of rice. Every present, large or small, costly or inexpensive, is accompanied by a little folded three cornered paper a few inches in size. Sometimes this is of crimson or gilt paper or sometimes blue or silver, according to the taste of the sender.

The origin of this custom is very ancient and curious. In days of old a piece of dried fish was sent with each gift, but gradually people fell into a vicious habit of sending on the same piece of fish with the next present they sent away, as if they received so many offerings they could not possibly eat all the fish that came. Finally matters got to such a pitch that a gentleman could frequently smell his present coming around the corner. So in order to do away with this abuse these little pieces of paper were substituted.

Another custom that seems very strange in our eyes is that of sending presents of eatables, sweetmeats, mochi or bean cake, etc. Such dainties are sent in priceless bowls of cloissone or satsuma set on a lacquer tray. Over all is thrown a silk and gold embroidered square of soft ribbed crape, and the messenger carries it through the street held at arm's length. The recipient eats the contents, and without washing or cleaning the bowl in any way returns it and the cover with elaborate thanks.

The little shops, which look like dry goods boxes set upon end, are filled with gay toys, with dolls, kites and bits of tinsel and dyed feathers made into tiny ornaments for the ebony hair of the brilliantly dressed, powdered and rouged little girls.

Acrobats and street actors attract crowds of not only children, but their elders. Then there are Punch and Judy shows, but Punch and Judy are replaced by fabulous cats, badgers and foxes, who play all sorts of tricks upon men and women. Conjurers and snake charmers reap a harvest, and the man who makes and plays bamboo flutes earns a small fortune.

Every one from the little tots of 6 or 7 to grandams of 60 or 70 plays battledoor and shuttlecock. And such gorgeous battledoors as were never before seen! Great, awkward pieces of board, plain on one side, the other elaborately decorated with a figure of a noted dancer or geisha, the hands and face painted on the wood, but the dress of silk or paper pasted on and standing an inch or more above the board. The shuttlecock is a gilded seed stuck around with dyed feathers until it resembles a flower.—New York Advertiser.

Good Resolutions For the New Year.

Let us look over the mistakes of the bygone days and plan a new course of action for the future. Where we have been wrong let us now be right, and where we have been right let us stick to that course, going from good to better, from better to best.

A word about the resolutions that will be made today and broken tomorrow—do not make them at all if you do not mean to keep them. The promise bears no weight that is so soon forgotten. Make the covenant with your conscience and your Maker. Do not blazon your righteous sentiments abroad, but with sober sincerity of purpose watch out against the faults, making a gallant fight against the foes of evil.

With such an incentive to inspire you the new year will gradually become to you a close friend, bringing joy and happiness in its path and breathing into your heart messages that will indeed make the wishes for a happy New Year materialize in every truth to your own superabundant satisfaction.—Philadelphia Times.

Only One Day In the Year.

Brother Christian, determine to make this the best year of your life—the richest, ripest, strongest, happiest. But you cannot grow in grace "by wholesale." Begin the year by putting the knife into some bad habit or besetting sin. Begin by laying stiff hold on some neglected duty. Consecration means letting Jesus Christ own the whole of you. Holiness means serving Christ in little things, and remember that in all the year you will see only one day, and that will be called "today." The ladder to heaven is climbed not by a leap, but round by round.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Thoughts For the Dying Year.

There are many of earth's thoughtless ones to whom the dying of a year is only the rounding up of an astronomical period devoted to idleness or to the pursuit of pleasure, while the coming in of a new year is the point of view from which to regard the possibilities for ministering to the pleasures of sense for another twelvemonth.

But to others the New Year opens up another and a very different outlook—to those who realize the mistakes that belong to the past and who look anxiously toward the future and what it may bring.—Christian Work.

The Roman New Year's.

Among the ancient Romans the "strenæ," or New Year's presents, were not only exchanged between relatives and friends, but were exacted from their subjects. Under the Cæsars these New Year's gifts became such a source of profit to the sovereign and so onerous a burden to the people that Claudius limited their cost by a decree.—Selected.

Wolf-monat of the Early Saxons.

The Anglo-Saxons called New Year's the Wolf-monat because the wolves were more ravenous then than at other times, and the Scandinavians also called it Aefter-Yule. In old illuminated missals and calendars January is depicted as an old man, carrying a woodman's ax and a bunch of fagots, shivering and blowing upon his fingers.—Exchange.

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Mary Benedicta, and other Stories
May-Day, and other Tales
Naval and Military Life, Tales of
Nettlethorpe the Miser
Rivals, the
St. Maurice
Scenes and Incidents at Sea
Schoolboys [The] and the Boy and the Man
Scrivener's Daughter and Orange Girl
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Select Tales for the Young
Sir Elfric, and other Tales
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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Bishop Manogue's Letter to the Yreka Ladies.

LEAGUE OF SACRED HEART.

Successful Entertainment at Stockton given by the C. L. A. S.

Sacramento.

The following letter from Right Rev. Bishop Manogue is self-explanatory:

SACRAMENTO, December 12, 1894.

Editor Yreka Journal:—DEAR SIR: Would you please state for me that the advertisement of this mask ball by the Catholic Ladies of Yreka on New Year's Eve is neither Catholic nor Christian-like, and is condemned by the Church. Better to have naked walls in the sanctuary than decorated—rather desecrated by such pagan, immodest and immoral means.

The buyers and sellers in the Temple used no masks, still they were flogged and held to the reproach of future generations.

Are the Catholic ladies of Yreka so compromising in dignity, conscience and religion as to allow themselves to be masked in such a cause and to allow others to be masked in their name.

They have a good cause and efficient priest there. Why not encourage him by the proceeds of a respectable festival in his favor?

Should the local pastor be not more consulted and treated more considerately, his services may be transferred to a more grateful congregation.

Yours Very Respectfully,
P. MANOGUE,
Bishop of Sacramento.

On Thursday evening, the 20th inst., the spacious assembly room of St. Joseph's academy was filled to its utmost capacity. The hall was tastefully decorated with flags of different nations, palms, holly, ivy and smilax. Under the American flag hung a beautiful engraving of the Father of Our Country.

Seven Mathushek pianos were ranged in a semi-circle on the platform. Six of these were frequently occupied at the same time, the seventh being used to accompany the vocalists. The pupils acquitted themselves throuhout in a manner calculated to reflect credit on the school.

Following is the program presented: La Malle des Indes; instrumental duo by twelve performers, who kept such accurate time that in this as in the other instumental pieces it would be difficult to tell whether one or more persons were playing.

This was followed by "The Band," a spirited vocal quartet, by the senior singing class. "The Flag of Washington" was recited with true patriotic ring by the second elocution class. First Love Redowa, instrumental duo by twelve little misses who showed remakable proficiency for their years.

About thirty baby vocalists then sang a lullaby to their dollies and were roundly applauded. "Elaine," a beautiful quartet by twelve young ladies delighted music lovers. "The Hen With Twelve Chickens." (serio-comic) recitation, by the third elocution class, was well received. The International Drill was one of the most admired numbers on the long program. The several countries were each represented by four young ladies, wearing sashes and capes, and carrying flags peculiar to the country. Each group marched or danced to the front of the platform, and having gone through various beautiful and appropriate figures, retired to their several positions in the rear. Some very beautiful national songs were also introduced. Miss Teresa Rydberg as Columbia recited "My Native Land," showing good elocutionary powers. During the beautiful tableau which followed all sang "My Country," The drill closed with an intricate march, after which Columbia led her adopted citizens from the stage.

The Elementary Singing Class sustained their parts admirably in a very sweet duo, "Lone River With the Lark." Then followed the chief instrumental feature of the evening, Gallop Marche. The novel appearance of four young ladies at each piano (there were twenty-four performers in the quartett), and all playing as one, elicited warm applause. Annie Baylon and Kitty Brown next coaxed the audience to "Come Out and Play" in a cunning little vocal pleasantry.

Miss Rose Sheehan executed from memory a lengthy and very beautiful instrumental solo, "La Religeaux et l'Oiseau."

The Senior Singing Class then rendered most effectively "Emmet's Last Words." "Phillip's Christmas," recitation and glee, by the Elementary Class, won heary applause. Then eighteen little musicians played an accompaniment to two anvils in the "Blacksmith," an instrumental trio.

This was followed by the sweetest of the vocal numbers, "Twilight Bells," sung by five young ladies without accompaniment. Misses Dnmphy's and Hughes' voices blended perfectly in in soprano, Miss Van Hatten has a good alto, Miss Dunn a sweet tenor, which delighted us again in the beautlful cantata, when she sang "O Holy Night." Miss Sheehan sings an exceptionally fine bass. Little Kitty Murphy recited "Somebody" so cleverly that the applause would not cease until she had recited a second time.

Miss Lena Rydberg did ample justice to one of Beethoven's beautiful sonatos, "Pathitique."

The Christmas Cantata opened the second part of the program. The hymns and recitations were rendered most effectively, and the cantata closed with a tableau. Central was an image of the Divine Child in a manger, surrounded by numerous lights sages. shepherds, and the chorus of angels and mortals, numbering some sixty young ladies in all, were grouped about in attitudes of adoration.

Misses Rydberg and Sheehan showed great musical skill in the execution of La Pardon de Ploermal, a duo, on two pianos.

"I'd a Letter From Papa," song with gestures, by the Elementary Singing class, was one of the most admired features of the program. The First Elocution Class kept the audience convulsed wish laughter in the comic recitation "He Wanted to Apologize," so clearly did they simulate the laughing man's hysterical merriment.

"The Flag of Our Nation," a fine vocal quartett by the Senior Singing Class, followed. At its close they saluted the flag.

The six young ladies receiving graduating honors, Misses Rose Sheehan, Emma Van Hatten, Katc Dunn, Nellie Dumphy, Margaret Hughes and Katie McGinty took prominent parts in the exercises throughout. At this point they were conducted to the center of the stage, attended by six little maids, carrying baskets containing the gold medals, diploma and laurel crowns to be conferred on each.

Rev. Father Grace conferred the honors, Rev. Father Welch announcing the names, and Rev. Father McCary, O. S. F. addressed the graduates. He congratulated them on the blessing accorded them in having spent their school days in an institution where intellectual culture is perfected by religious training. He warmly commended the Order of Mercy for the fine educatioual work it has accomplished in our country, complimented the pupils on the creditable manner in which they carried out their exercises. He closed his remarks with good wishes for the future of the young ladies who were biddlng adieu to their alma mater. The reverend gentlemen's remarks were warmly applauded. The class of 94 occupying the left of the stage, sang their "Farewell," a sweet quartett, which was answered by the academic classes, who occupied the right of the stage. At its close the graduates retired. The program was concluded by a duo, twelve performers.

Stockton.

Catholic Ladies' Aid Society No. 7 gave a very enjoyable entertainment at Young Men's Institute hall last Thursday evening, and from the large number in attendance it is evident that the C. L. A. S. is highly appreciated in Stockton, not only for its entertainments, but also for good work accomplished among the needy poor. As the people entered the hall they deposited packages of various kinds which constituted the price of admission, and long before the exercises commenced the large room at the front of the stairs leading to the main hall was packed with a large variety of useful articles, which the ladies have since distributed among the poor.

The entertainment opened with a selection by St. Mary's College Orchestra, composed of William Kieferdorf and John McCann, violins; Walter Yost, cornet; M. Fisher, piano, and E. Le Doux, claironett. The members of the orchestra acquitted themselves admirably and responded to an encore. Miss Rose Castle sang in her usual sweet voice, after which Mrs. Isaac H. Robinson followed with a vocal solo, both being highly appreciated. Miss H. Roan, accompanied by Miss Hattie Jarvis, sang a very pretty solo. A recitation by Miss Essie Nunan was followed by a piano solo by Miss Delia Kerrich. Messrs Oullahan, Thompson and Wilker next gave a vocal trio, and then Miss Gertie Doyle concluded the program with a recitation.

Eight tables were provided for those who desired to play progressive euchre, and several hours were pleasantly spent in this way,

No. 7 is steadily gaining in membership, and its entertainments are always enjoyable.

St. Brendan's.

A branch of the League of the Sacred Heart was organized at the Church last Sunday, Rev. Fathers Moeller and Finnegan, S. J., being in charge of the ceremonies. There was a very large attendance and nearly every one present joined the League.

Father Finnegan delivered a very interesting sermon upon the purposes and work of the League. He referred to the manner in which the workers in the cause went about their labors, not only to cause members of the church to become more zealous in their prayers and obligations to the church but to arouce in them the idea that they should go abroad in their parishes and combat the evils of intemperance and other sinfulness. He said that in St. Rose's Church there were seventy-six promoters in the good cause, and he hoped that in St. Brendan's there would be the same, if not more. The field, he said, was fruitful. The league is a strong and powerful one throughout the country. Already there were 350,000 certificates of admission issued, and the enthusiasm in the cause was on the increase.

Alameda.

After an illness lasting some three months, Rev. Father Sullivan was sufficiently recovered to celebrate the 9 o'clock mass on Christmas day. He is yet far from strong, and it will be some time before he will be able to entirely fulfill his duties.

On Sunday. January 20th, his Grace Archbishop Riordan will dedicate the new church, work on which is being rapidly pushed to completion. The main and side altar are in place, and the pews were being put in during the week. When completed it gives every promise of being a superb house of worship,

As grand as was the music on Christmas, indications point to a much finer program on the day of dedication. Mr. Goggin, who has charge of its direction, will have a string orchestra aud an augmented choir, which will render a mass never heard before on the coast. Indications point to the attendance of an immense congregation.

Yreka.

The members of the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society, in reply to the letter of Right Rev. Bishop Manogue, published in another column, have issued the following:

The Catholic ladies of Yreka, referring to Right Rev. Bishop Manogue's letter, acknowledge the correctness of the Bishop's strictures on masquerading. We have taken steps to give our good Bishop a proper understanding of our New Year's Festival, and knowing him to be most reasonable, we presume to continue our preparations for the social event by which we hope to afford our friends and neighbors a pleasant evening. Heretofore, entertainments given by the Catholic ladies, because of the moral and social excellence which characterized them have won the patronage of our best people, and we hope to make "onr feast of welcome to the New Year" an occasion of innocent enjoyment for all our guests.

Yours respectfully,
THE CATHOLIC LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

Saucelito.

Midnight mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Church on Christmas by Rev. John Valentine. The ladies of Saucelito had the altars decorated in a most beautiful manner, and a very large congregation was present. The best vocal talent that could be secured contributed the music. Farmer's Mass in B. was given. At the Offertory Mr. Louis Harrison rendered Adam's "Noel" as a cornet solo. The choir consisted of Mrs. J. W. Harrison, Misses Hannon and Cobb. Mr. Robert Harrison presided at the organ.

High mass was also celebrated at Mill Valley in the morning, at the church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Santa Clara.

An election was held last week at the Convent of Our Lady of Angels by the members of the Young Ladies' Choir, which resulted as follows: President, Father Raggio; Vice-president, Miss Louise L. Arguello; Secretary, Miss Nellie Connors; Treasurer, Miss Katie Mullin; Censor, Miss Viola Gehr, Book-keeper, Miss Hannah Ruth.

Here and There

Rev. Father Ferguson, pastor of Mendocino City, was tendered a reception by his parishioners at Fort Bragg during the first part of this month. Red Men's Hall, where the reception took place, was packed to utmost capacity, and Father Ferguson made a spirited address on American liberties, referring in scathing terms to the A. P. A. movement.

There is some talk of a cupalo being erected on the Catholic church in Willows. This was about the first brick edifice built in the town, eighteen years ago, and the late Archbishop Alemany was present at the laying of the corner stone.

Rev. Father Curry, lately from the East, is visiting Father Gleason at San Andreas, and will remain for some time. Next Sunday he will hold services in the church in San Andreas, while Father Gleason will attend to the same duty in Cumanche.

St. Joseph's Home.

On Christmas eve the Sisters of St. Francis in charge of St. Joseph's Home for Incurables had a Christmas tree and festival for the incurables of the home, The inmates gathered in the large hall and made as merry as they could with music and song. The Sisters had provided a large number of presents and many delicacies, and in the joy of the occasion many of their sorrows were forgotten.

At midnight mass was celebrated in the chapel, every inmate and all the Sisters attending. In one corner was a beautiful Christmas crib, which will well repay any one to visit.

The Man of Galilee.

Subscribers of this paper who have as yet failed to take advantage of the Examiner's offer to supply the various portfolios of the Man of Gallilee to the readers of this paper on the same terms as the Examiner, should do so at once. The pictures in the various numbers are really beautiful, and their religious interest, especially at the present time, is great. All that is necessary is for subscribers to clip the coupon from the eighth page of this paper, enclose it with ten cents in coin or stamps, and mail it to the Examiner business office, 756 Market street, and the portfolio desired will be promptly forwarded. So far six of the numbers have been issued. You will regret missing this opportunity if you fail to make use of the chance.

Resting in God.

Since thy Father's arm restrains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand sustains thee,
It is He.
Know His love in full completeness,
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trnst Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand;
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear,
In His love if thou abide,
He will guide.
Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forget?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken—
Always hath he comfort spoken—
Better hath He been for years,
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day—
Know his love for thee provideth
Good alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength;
To each troubled soul that liveth,
Peace at length,
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care;
Ask Him not then "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

ENDED IN A FIZZLE.

How the Prince of Wales Wet Blanketed a Proposed Demonstration.

The Prince of Wales, after four weeks' wandering, returned home from Russia looking, for him, very lean, but withal hale and fit, as is his customary appearance. There had been some preliminary talk of giving him a great popular welcome, such as that accorded to Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury when they returned from the Berlin conference bringing with them, as the former dramatically declared, "Peace with honor." It was suggested that the prince performed a service to the country equally great by bringing about a good understanding between England and Russia. Strange to say, the Tory newspapers, from the great Times downward, applauded this silly idea, and clubland set about organizing a demonstration.

The prince heard nothing of this until he reached Paris on the way home. Then he telegraphed to London expressing his annoyance at the scheme, which was not only indecorous in view of the sad duties from which he was returning, but imputed to him an interference with the ordinary course of diplomacy that was at variance with his inclinations and destructive of that position of neutrality as heir to the throne which he has always sought to maintain, like the tactful man of the world which he undoubtedly is. Word was therefore sent round, with the result that his wishes were respected as far as a demonstration within the railway station by the aristocracy was concerned.

There were plenty of notables present, but not more than a dozen persons were allowed on the reserved platform, and all contented themselves with bowing profoundly as the prince entered his closed carriage. A pretty big crowd, mainly bourgeoisie, had collected outside the station, and there was a good deal of cheering, but as a demonstration it was a failure, as it deserved to be. The Prince of Wales is too sensible a man to desire that sort of thing, for he knows it is calculated to provoke counter displays and make him an object of contention among rival parties and conflicting factions.—London Cor. New York Sun.

A CANVASBACK DUDE.

He Startled the London West Enders, but Won His Wager.

Considerable sensation was created in the west end of London recently by a newspaper vender, attired in a most extraordinary suit of canvas held together entirely by safety pins, who frequented the most important thoroughfares for the greater part of the day. A close scrutiny revealed a glimpse of a snowy shirt front not altogether concealed by the strange canvas suit and fingers loaded with handsome rings not usually found on the general run of news venders, while he delivered the contents of his bill with a most aristocratic drawl.

It appears that a party of "Johnnies" were assembled together in the Cafe Monico a few days since, and a discussion arose between them as to the sale of papers in the streets, one gilded youth asserting that he would, for a wager of £50, sell a certain number of papers in a certain time under certain conditions, which was immediately snapped up by one of his companions, with the result that the youth appeared in the streets under the circumstances related above.

He was closely attended wherever he went by a large crowd and was the subject of numerous irreverent remarks from the legitimate paper sellers, who could not make it out at all. The affair caused much amusement, especially when this most extraordinary news vender adjourned to the Cafe Monico for refreshment, his entry causing a great diversion among all assembled in that establishment. The wager was completed and won at 9:30 in the evening.—London Cor. Chicago Post.

New Means of Coast Defense.

Uncle Sam possesses one cannon the outside of which is believed to be more formidable than the inside. It is a 12 inch gun mounted on the ramparts of the fort at Willet's Point, N. Y., but around it has been wound 13 miles of one-half inch insulated telegraph cable. By means of this coil and a dynamo the big gun has been transformed into the most powerful electro-magnet in the world. This unique instrument was born of a mere experiment whim of Colonel W. R. King of the United States engineer corps, but an astonishing new feature in our coast defense seems about to be evolved from this remarkable combination. This magnetized gun, it has been discovered, will derange a ship's compass at a distance of six miles from the fort. Future developments of this chance born principle may yet evolve a valuable adjunct to the coast forts in the perfection of an electro-magnet which shall eventually prevent the possibility of a naval surprise under the cover of fog or of darkness.—Philadelphia Record.

Dividend Notices.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRANcisco Savings Unoin, 532 California Street, corner of Webb—For the half year ending with the 31st of December 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eigth-tenths (4 8-10) per cent per annum on Term deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY the 2nd of January, 1895.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—THE GERman Savings and Loan Society, 526 California st,—For the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits and four and one-sixth (4 1-6) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1895.
GEO. TOURNY, Sec.

Dr. Jerome A. Hughes
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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EFFECTIVE ALARMS.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR TELLS OF AN ANNOYING EXPERIENCE.

He Encountered a Most Remarkable System of Burglar Alarms In a House With Unlocked Doors—Bells, Tin Pans and a Baseball Bat—The Explanation.

"One night late," said the retired burglar, "I went into a house in a village in western Connecticut, entering by a cellar window, as I usually did when I was late, so as not to disturb the folks. I looked around the cellar and located the stairs and started up. About three-quarters of the way up a rope that was stretched across caught me under the chin and toppled me over down stairs. There was only the stone wall of the cellar on one side and no rail on the other, so there was nothing to grab to, and I just tumbled down. As I bumped along something scattered along down with me, whang-banging down the steps over me and under me and around me, chasing me all the way down, and when I finally got to the cellar bottom that thing was lying across my chest. It was the coal shovel, which had evidently been stood up against the rope and which I had jarred loose.

"But the worst thing of all was that my lamp was broke. I lost my jimmy on the way down, but I hung on to my lamp, but now the light was out and the glass was broke, and the slide was jammed around in front, and I could not turn it. I felt around till I found my jimmy, and then I waited to see if I'd woke anybody up. I didn't hear anybody, and so I started again, and this time I felt my way up the stairs carefully to the door. I found it unlocked, and I had got it open about an inch, I should think, when I heard a little bit of a scraping on the other side, and the next instant the dreadfulest racket that anybody ever heard, the falling of a dishpan that must have been hanging on the other side on the doorknob or the key, and at the same time what I imagine must have been the potato masher—I don't know, because I didn't look for it—dropped from the top of the door upon my head.

"This door to the cellar opened from a little square hall or entry way that had, as I learned by feeling, a door to the left, to the kitchen, I suppose, and one to the right, I guessed, into the front hall. I waited again, but no sound from up stairs, so turned to the right and opened that door and stumbled the first thing over a chair close by in the hall and almost broke my shins. I felt along and found a row of chairs standing close together from that door clean to the front door. I sat down in one of them and nursed my shin and waited. Still no sound, and I tried again, and got along all right this time, and turned off to the left and into the parlor, and back from that into the dining room, for a wonder without falling over anything, and I began to feel encouraged. But in the dining room there was nothing but plated spoons and forks, which of course I could tell by the touch just as well as though I'd had an electric light. If they had any silver, they had carried it up stairs, as some people do at night.

"I turned back into the hall and groped my way through that row of chairs to the foot of the stairs. To make sure of the first step in the dark I stepped high and stepped into a pan of water on the bottom step. That made me mad, but I didn't make any noise, and I stepped out of it and started on up. At about the third step my leg struck a string that was strung across these stairs and set a bell a-ringing that was hanging on it, and kicking that string started down on me from above a shower of pie plates, and presently I fell over a wash boiler that had been set on the stairs a step or two up and brought that down on me.

"As I was floundering around in this tinware and string and bells and things I heard children's voices up stairs, and a minute later I heard steps in the hall above, and I could see in the blackness up there the white of a nightgown at the head of the stairs. Then something came slamming against the banisters, hitting me as it rattled down and finally landing with a great bang on the floor among the chairs in the hall. The minute he threw it, whoever he was, he ran, and I began to think it was about time for me to go too. I had freed myself from the bellcord by this time, and I got down the stairs and into the hall again, and there this time I stepped on a baseball bat—that was what had come banging down at me from above—that rolled out from under me and upset me once more among those chairs.

"I got up and opened the front door—it wasn't locked—and got out on the piazza. Before I had got to the top front step I heard a horn blowing from an up stairs window on the side of the house, and an instant later a shot from a revolver and a big bell ringing. There was a late moon just rising and a little light now, and as I went away I looked back and saw three children all in white, all leaning out of one window on the second story. On one side there was a boy of about 14, as I should guess by that light, firing a pistol. He was the boy, no doubt, that had thrown the baseball bat. On the other side was his younger brother with a good pair of lungs blowing a fishhorn about as long as a bean pole, and in the middle was their little sister swinging a big bell with both hands, and take 'em altogether they were making a great deal of noise.

"I didn't wait to inquire about it, but it was just as simple as rolling off a log. The children's parents had had to go away somewhere overnight, sickness or something, and had left the children alone. The young folks had forgot to lock the doors, but there really wasn't any necessity of locking 'em, with such a burglar alarm system as that."—New York Sun.

THE REIGN OF THE BICYCLE.

The Present Passion For the Wheel Is Not Likely to Die Out Ever.

What may be called not improperly the bicycle passion has full possession of several leading countries of the world. England and France, notably those parts of them in and about London and Paris, have been so given over to it for some time that a large proportion of their population come and go on their errands of business or pleasure on a wheel. Americans who have recently traveled abroad have been astonished at the general use of the bicycle there and have been still more astonished on returning to their own country during the past year to discover what headway the passion had made here. It is said to be a conservative estimate by competent authorities that during the year now closing 250,000 bicycles have been sold in this country, and that the number of riders approaches 1,000,000. There are said to be over 50,000 in New York and its neighborhood and fully half that number in and about Boston. The latter city caught the passion from Europe some time before New York did and has a larger proportion of its population, male and female, regularly devoted to it.

Observers of the phenomenon are wondering whether it is merely a passing whim or whether it has come to stay, whether those who have taken it up will continue it after the novelty has worn off or whether they will drop it for the next new fad that shall come along. There are many reasons for thinking that its stay will be permanent. Undoubtedly many of those who take it up because of its vogue will tire of it after awhile, but these will not constitute a large proportion of the whole number. The great body of riders find in the bicycle a new pleasure in life, a means for seeing more of the world, a source of better health through open air exercise, a bond of comradeship, a method of rapid locomotion either for business or pleasure and many other enjoyments and advantages which they will not relinquish. The bicycle has, in fact, become a necessary part of modern life and could not be abandoned without turning the social progress of the world backward. Few who have used it for a tour through the country would think for a moment of giving it up and returning to pedestrianism instead. Aside from the exhilarating joy of riding, which every bicycle devotee will assure you is the nearest approach to flying at present possible to man, there is the opportunity of seeing a constantly changing landscape.

The bicycle is indeed the great leveler. It puts the poor man on a level with the rich, enabling him to "sing the song of the open road" as freely as the millionaire and to widen his knowledge by visiting the regions near to or far from his home, observing how other men live. He could not afford a railway journey and sojourn in these places, and he could not walk through them without tiring sufficiently to destroy in a measure the pleasure which he sought. But he can ride through 20, 30, 50, even 70 miles of country in a day without serious fatigue and with no expense save his board and lodging. To thousands of men and women the longing of years to travel a little as soon as they could afford it is thus gratified, virtually without a limit, for a "little journey in the world" can be made on every recurring holiday or vacation.—Century.

TROUT WALK OVER LAND.

A New Fish Story That Comes From the Pine Tree State.

Captain Barker has built a nice camp, with a good cellar, near his hatchery at Bemis, which overlooks the spring, and has a man on guard night and day. He also has a number of traps set in the stream and on the banks. In one the other night he caught a monster owl.

In constructing his hatchery he excavated a place about 20 feet square in the bank, where he found a large boiling spring which is connected with the original spawning ground. The trout have gone over the old bed into the house, where they are clearing off the ground and seem to prefer it to the open water.

The captain will ship a few trout from other places and hatch them in trays in the spring in the hatchhouse.

The captain says that trout will go over dry land to get to their spawning ground. The above statement is based on facts, as he and several of his workmen a few days ago saw a trout come up stream to where it was filled with leaves. The trout rested a moment or two, then started overland some three or four feet to open water. One of the men remarked that all that was needed for the trout to reach the hatchery was to have a road swamped for them.

The captain has also enlarged the old spring about one-third. He has a way of securing the trout for stripping without any injury. He catches many shelldrake by the head by setting a baited trap on the bottom of the stream.—Phillips (Me.) Phonograph.

The Last of the Cantinieres.

To a good many English people it will be a surprise to learn that the cantiniere, who figures so picturesquely in French military pictures and on the stage of comic opera, is nearly as extinct as the dodo. M. Casimir-Perier granted an audience lately to almost the last specimen of this interesting class, who is known as Mme. Veuve Bouvier. In honor of the occasion the goddess, for so she was styled in the Fifth cuirassiers when Louis Philippe was king, donned her black glazed sailor hat, her blue tunic, with its triple array of gleaming buttons, and the rest of the uniform. A strange figure must this old lady have cut as she marched through the village streets to the presidential chateau. But they order things better in France, and instead of laughing the good country folk were moved to tears, while the president received his visitor with respectful emotion.—London Public Opinion.

A WONDERFUL LIGHT.

It Will Give Illumination Equal to About 250,000,000 Candle Power.

The idea of an electric light which, fed by a current from a dynamo actuated by a 40 horsepower engine and giving 7,000 candle power, can have its illuminating power intensified 35,000 times is not easy to grasp. It means the projection of a stream of light of about 250,000,000 candle power, and it is no wonder that the announcement that such a light is about to be used in this country has been received with some incredulity in Europe. Yet this is the efficiency of the light which will be shortly erected at Fire island for the illumination of the adjacent coast and the protection of the fleet of ships entering New York harbor.

A remote suggestion of the power of this lamp may be arrived at by bearing in mind that an ordinary oil lamp is about 38 or 40 candle power and then trying to imagine the combined beam of 3,000,000 lamps. The ordinary electric street light may be put down at 100 candle power, and 250,000 of these would represent the strength of the Fire island light.

The most powerful oil lamp yet made is supposed to shine out on a clear night for a distance of 35 or 40 miles, but the new light will flash its welcome rays to the incoming European liners when they are 120 miles away. The light revolves rapidly and throws out its beams with the intensity of speed of lightning. The motive power which actuates it is a simple clockwork arrangement contained in a box 2 feet square, and although the revolving portion of the light weighs 15 tons the mechanism controlling it is so delicate that the pressure of two fingers will turn it. The value of this marvelous lamp can only be determined by practical working, but it promises to represent an immense stride in the science of coast lighthouse illumination.—Philadelphia Press.

THE CAPTAIN IS CONTENT.

All That Worries Him Now Is Where to Find Another Cook.

A pretty boat is the Minnie Washburn—that is to say, she is pretty as canalboats go. To a sailorman on the raging canal she is a thing of beauty and naturally a joy forever. And a pretty cook had the Minnie. She was chambermaid and wife to the skipper bold as well as cook. Jennie was her name, Jennie Ash, and her husband is Captain Robert Ash. And a handsome steersman had the Minnie. He was James Finn, a "high flier," too, among canalers.

But the Minnie has a new cook and a new steersman now. The old ones deserted her. The captain shipped Finn in Buffalo to steer the wheat laden Minnie to New York. Quartermaster Finn was fond of female society, and the dark eyed wife of the captain attracted him.

"She seemed perticlar fond o' him," said the captain as he sat on the promenade deck of the boat and pulled "black line" through a short black pipe just like a sea salt, "but I didn't think nothin uv that. But when we hove int' Little Falls, shagger me shad if I didn't ketch 'im huggin 'er. But she turned it off kind a carelesslike, an I let it go at that."

When the Minnie reached West Troy Saturday afternoon, the captain went ashore to transact some business. When he returned a couple of hours later, his consort was gone. So was his steersman. And so were 125 hard earned dollars which had been kept in a bureau drawer. Then the captain learned more.

"I used t' sleep from one bell in the early mornin till eight bells, an he'd sail 'er. Bust me bricks if she didn't keep him fed on swagger lunches all the time I was sleepin. But she's gone, and the Minnie's got to have another cook. Say, d'ye know where I can git one?

"Am I goin t' chase her? Waal, I reckon not. Some o' the money was hern, and if she likes him better'n she did me, why, let 'er stay with 'im. I ain't got time to run after her."—Albany Argus.

Mysore Infants Must Not Marry.

The maharajah of Mysore has resolved to put down by an act of the legislature the custom of infant marriage among his subjects. A bill to that effect was published last year. After a good deal of discussion the measure has now assumed a definite shape and form. When the act is enforced, any person causing or abetting infant marriages or any person of 18 or over 18 marrying an infant girl will be punished with imprisonment of either description, which may extend to two years, or with fine or with both. The same punishment is prescribed for any man who, having completed 50 years of age, marries a girl under 14 years. Six months' imprisonment or fine or both will be meted out to the abetter or abetters of this offense. All girls under 8 years of age will be considered as infants under this law.—London Standard.

The Gentle Bulldog.

In order to prove the docility of the bulldog, the South London Bulldog society, which is holding a show at the Royal aquarium, has caged one large dog with a small cat, and the pair get along together with perfect amity, and the cat is not inside the dog either. Nevertheless we fear the effort is in vain. Until they can breed a new kind of bulldog, with a different kind of face on him, the generality of people will still credit him with a fearful amount of ferocity.—London Lady.

Her Suspicion Confirmed.

Mary M. Seeley and Jason Hodges of Provincetown, Cape Cod, were engaged to be married for 43 years. The engagement was broken last Thursday because Jason pulled a corkscrew out of his pocket along with his handkerchief. Miss Seeley says she is glad the discovery was made, because she had had her suspicions for 35 years.—New York Mail and Express.

LANGUAGE FOR MEDICINE.

An Italian Suggests That Latin Be Used In All Countries.

Decidedly the question of a universal language of medicine is in the air. During the last few months we have had occasion to refer to several proposals of the kind. Now comes another, this time from Italy.

Dr. E. Vitali of Bari has addressed a long letter to the Italian minister of public instruction, Dr. Baccelli, inviting him as president of the international medical congress to propose to the organizing committee that Latin be recognized as one of the official languages at the next (Moscow) congress and as the sole official language at all future congresses, beginning with the fourth from the one held this year in Rome.

Dr. Vitali's argument is, briefly, that while all medical men have some smattering of Latin comparatively few know any modern language but their own. Very few understand all the languages used at congresses, which hence serve to give an idea of the tower of Babel as far as confusion of tongues is concerned. However bad may be the Latin spoken, it will always, Dr. Vitali maintains, be more intelligible than any one modern language to the largest number, and that, after all, is the main point. For any one really in earnest in the matter there need be no difficulty in acquiring sufficient fluency in Latin for the purpose in view.

Dr. Baccelli has sent a diplomatic reply to Dr. Vitali's communication, in which he promises to give the subject proper consideration, etc. There, so far as we know, the matter rests, and there, we imagine, it is likely to rest. There would unquestionably be many advantages in the revival of Latin as the lingua franca of science, nor does the scheme involve any insuperable difficulties.

In an interesting article in The Temple Bar it is stated that the celebrated Dr. Bozzi Granville, when he wished to enter the English navy, had some difficulty about his examination at Haslar, as none of the medical staff spoke any European language but his own. At the suggestion of the surgeon of the Raven, whose communications with his assistant had been carried on in Latin, that language was employed. The Italian doctor passed triumphantly.—British Medical Journal.

AN INCOME TAX CONUNDRUM.

A Knotty Question Under Discussion by the Treasury Department Officials.

A very knotty question has arisen in the preparation of the income tax regulations now under consideration by Secretary Carlisle and Commissioner Miller. It is at what point in the salary of United States official the income tax should be collected. Government disbursing officers are held responsible for the collection of the income tax on salaries paid out by them. Does the law contemplate taxing the salary per se or the person who receives it?

Only salaries above $4,000 are taxable. A case has been put where if the salary is, say, $8,000 per year, and the drawer of it dies after six months, the government receives no income from it unless the disbursing officer takes out the tax pro rata monthly. At this point the difficulty is encountered that the drawer of the salary has not received over $4,000, and therefore no income tax has accrued. If the drawer of an $8,000 salary dies or resigns after receiving slightly less than half of the yearly salary, should the new appointee pay an income tax out of his little more than half of the $8,000 or only on what he himself draws?

It does not seem to strike the treasury officials as fair that one man should pay an income tax on part of the salary drawn by another, and yet if such an amount were drawn $3,900 by one and $4,100 by another man by holding the latter responsible for the income tax on the salary he draws on the excess over the $4,000 the government would receive only 2 per cent on $100. Was this idea contemplated by the law? The same principle applies to all cases of salaries received by United States officials, members of the cabinet, senators and members of congress and others who receive a salary in excess of $4,000.—Washington Post.

Indicted For Using Biblical Quotations.

An unusual thing in connection with the court is the holding by the United States grand jury that Scriptural quotation may be libelous. H. A. Busby of Means, Harrison county, was indicted for writing letters and postal cards to David Handley of this city. On the envelope of the letters were the quotations, "Owe no man anything," "Let us walk honestly" and "Many years thou shalt be troubled." He was indicted on four counts on the ground that the language used was libelous and calculated to injure the character of Mr. Handley.—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

Bouquets and Circumspection.

That any man can step into a florist's and order a bouquet for any lady is no longer possible in New York. There is a florist, and a very exclusive one, who refuses all orders that do not seem just "conventional," to be very polite about it. An elderly man unknown to the florist was refused a bouquet to be sent to a schoolgirl, and a young sport's greenback was handed back to him when he ordered a box of flowers for a beautiful society leader whom he had admired in her victoria.—New York Herald.

Jack the Ripper Dead?

In connection with young Saunderson's insane crime and the Kensington stabbings the authorities have been extremely alarmed lest another Jack the Ripper scare should seize upon the popular mind. This led them recently to make the important announcement that they have reason to believe that the author of the Jack the Ripper crimes has been several years in his grave.—London Correspondent.

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THE FIRST STAR OF THE YEAR.

In a field of amethyst,
Hanging like a globe of mist,
Comes the first star of the year.
Streaming banners, crimson red,
Float above the sun's low head,
Resting from his day's career.

Like a bursting ball of snow,
Like a white rose opes to blow,
Shows the low'ring star her face.
Bright companions one by one
Gather round her pearly throne,
Each resplendent in its place.

Like the dawning of the truth
As love wakens in the youth,
Flashes now the New Year's star.
Queen and brightest of her race,
Shedding all her lustrous grace
Down to us from realms afar!

Down to us from realms of light,
Ever glowing, beaming, bright—
Golden star and dazzling sun.
Clouds may oft obscure their rays,
But they cannot quench their blaze.
Constant in their course they run.

Wisdom fraught, they teachings give,
How we day by day should live,
Nobly shining in our sphere.
Greater light and clouds may mar,
Shine on steadfast like the star,
Like the first star of the year.

—Chicago Record.

IN THE GOLDFIELDS.

We were all sad that New Year's eve in the Australian goldfields in the year 1853. The day before we numbered 20 Americans and Englishmen, who had come in search of wealth, and now three of our number had just been laid away forever on the hillside, buried in one deep grave, their lives crushed out by a fall of earth.

That night, while the 17 of us who were left sat around the campfire, young Ross said:

"Boys" (we were all friends and never yet had used among ourselves the ordinary digger appellation of mate), "this is a sad ending of our first Australian New Year's day. Maybe it will cheer us up some if I tell you of one which in Canada two years ago turned out more happily."

There was a general cry of "Do, Fred, do," and the boy began:

"Some of you know that my home is in a backwoods township, about 80 miles northwest of Toronto and not far from Georgian bay. My father, who was formerly a captain in a regiment of British cavalry, sold his commission in 1842 and emigrated to Canada, where he bought a 600 acre, partially cleared, farm, wishing to give his five boys and four girls a better chance in life than a family in moderate circumstances can have in the old country. I was only 8 years of age then, and my baby sister not half as many months.

"My mother" (I wish I could convey an idea of how tenderly Fred spoke that word whenever occurring in his story), "though a tiny little thing, who wears a No. 2 boot and a 5½ glove, is as brave as an Indian princess, and she and my father are just like lovers yet. So we were a very happy family and got on splendidly.

"Every year a big patch of bush was cleared up, and when I left home there were more than 400 acres of the farm under some sort of cultivation. Father and my three elder brothers sometimes worked as hard as the hired men, and they all liked it, but Hugh and I, the two youngest boys, were, we thought, awfully abused by being sent to school, and afterward to Upper Canada college at Toronto. We made up for it all, though, in the summer and Christmas holidays, as there was any quantity of fishing and hunting everywhere around our home.

"About six miles from our place lives Colonel Warwick, a half pay officer, whose family is of exactly the same size as ours, and ever since coming to Canada we had dined and spent the evening with them on Christmas day, and they with us on New Year's day, and we always had great fun.

"Two years ago today, Jan. 1, 1851, the Warwicks—father, mother and nine children, big and little—came to us as usual, but when we sat down to dinner our total number was only 21, instead of 22. The place at my mother's right hand was vacant, and she herself, though doing the honors gracefully, wore a troubled anxiety, which she could not wholly conceal, and which was more or less reflected by each face in our own family."

"Had one of your brothers or sisters died, then, Fred?" asked one of the men.

"No—that is, we hoped not. The trouble was that 18 months before, in July, 1849, my eldest brother, Donald, longing for adventure and excited by wonderful reports from newly discovered goldfields, had left home, bound for California, and not a word from or of him had yet reached us beyond the mere information that he was to leave New York for Colon on the 16th day of the month as passenger on a sailing ship, the name of which he did not give. From Colon—now Aspinwall—he intended to cross the deadly isthmus to Panama, and thence take ship on the Pacific for San Francisco.

"On the New Year's day of 1850 his absence had thrown but a slight cloud on our jollity, as in those days there was no Panama railway, and six or even nine months might well pass away without letters from him. But now another whole year had gone by, and even my bravely hopeful father had begun to feel alarmed, for it was not like true hearted Donald to neglect his own people, and yet, if still alive, how was his long silence to be accounted for? We feared that, like so many hundreds of other gold seekers, he might have perished in fever stricken Panama, as he would, we thought, have certainly written if he had safely reached San Francisco.

"The grizzled old soldier, Colonel Warwick, tried hard to cheer us by his own reminiscences of mysterious lost and happily refound comrades in India and elsewhere and by truthfully reminding us of the many vicissitudes to which letters from California were then exposed. 'Why,' he said, 'the boy has probably written a half dozen times, but either in crossing the isthmus, passing round Cape Horn or coming by way of that wonderful overland pony express the letters may every one have been lost. I've known far stranger things than that, in the way of missing mail matter, to occur among our fellows, even in easily reached and densely populated India.'

"For a year before leaving home Donald had owned a magnificent Newfoundland dog, Prince by name. The Black Prince we youngsters called him not only on account of his color, but also because his chivalrous and daring character greatly resembled, in our estimation, that of the famous personage in English history for whom we had named him. Indeed Prince had once saved his master's life when the latter was one day, in an outlying field, suddenly attacked by a furious, half wild bush bull. Hence Donald was so greatly attached to the creature that he had, notwithstanding the added expense, taken him along on his tedious journey, much to our regret, as we sorely missed the grand old fellow in all our outdoor sports.

"So, on this New Year's day, all of us, even down to 9-year-old Margery, thought constantly of the faraway pair. But the rites of hospitality could not be neglected, and by and by, stimulated by the purposed gayety of our visitors, all of us young folks joined, just in the gloaming, in a romping game of 'hide and seek.'

"At ordinary times our big ten room loghouse was lighted by homemade tallow candles, but on festive occasions my mother used sperm ones. Numbers of these were now burning, in addition to the great open fires, making all within doors altogether too light for the proper enjoyment of our game; so, by unanimous consent, we agreed that the 'hiders' should have the privilege of the fast darkening wood shed, stable and nearest barn.

"The play went merrily on for half an hour or so, each successive 'seeker' generally routing out the most cunningly concealed 'hiders' in no time. But then little Agnes Warwick so artfully hid herself that the 'seeker' of the moment, utterly failing to discover her, was finally obliged to call upon the whole crowd for assistance.

"High and low, up and down, through stable lofts, between wood piles, behind straw stacks, inside the big fanning mill, over grain bins and under the barn, we hunted without success. Then, gathered in a cluster on the thrashing floor, we were about to give up and let the little mischief find herself, when, through the open door, into which the pale moonlight streamed, a dark body rushed, shot past us and sprang over into a nearly empty haymow, whence instantly came a great rustling and a series of inarticulate cries—from the now discovered Agnes—which sounded to us like those of fear and pain.

"'A bear! A bear!' screamed the elder Miss Warwick. 'A bear is killing the child!' These brutes are quite plentiful in our neighborhood.

"'Pshaw!' exclaimed my brother Hugh, 'bears don't come out in winter.'

"'No, nor they don't have long tails either, I guess,' wisely observed little Margery.

"Recovering from our momentary astonishment, we young men and boys were in the act of rushing to the rescue when out of the manhole of the mow crept little Agnes, laughing half hysterically and encircling with one arm the neck of a big black dog!

"'Why, it's Prince! Donald's Black Prince!' all of us simultaneously shouted, for now we plainly saw the peculiar, heart shaped breast spot which was the only speck of white on the glossy coat of our long lost friend.

"It really seemed as if the wise old fellow had stealthily watched our play until he found what the trouble was, and then, with deliberate purpose to surprise us, had dashed past without greeting, and guided by his unerring nose had speedily torn the hay off the form of his well remembered playfellow, for pretty Agnes Warwick used to spend fully as much time at our home as at her own.

"Now, having so well succeeded in creating a sensation, Prince threw off all disguise, and after hilariously jumping upon each of us in turn gamboled, barked and frisked around in an ecstasy of delight, while we all started in a wild race to the house.

"Evidently some one—perhaps with news of Donald—had arrived, for a strange sleigh stood before the open door, and as we neared the house we could hear my father's voice ringing out in tones which did not sound like those of grief.

"'There's word from Donald! Come on!' yelled my brother Archie as he sprang to the leading place.

"The other 16 of us followed pell-mell, almost tumbling over each other in our eagerness, and burst like a cyclone into the big parlor. Then the old roof shook with our half frantic cheers, for there, in the center of the room, stood Donald himself! He was brown as an Indian and bearded like—well, like any gold digger, but was the same old Donald still, while, clasped to his breast, with her arms about his neck, lay my dear little mother, softly crying in speechless joy."

Here poor Fred almost broke down, and not a homesick man of us all could trust himself to speak. Presently, however, the young fellow—he was only 19—went on:

"Boys—I—tell you—this—was—almost—too—much for me. I'll never forget that time if I should live a thousand years. It seemed like getting my brother back from the grave itself. Some of us cried like babies, and even the stern old colonel himself had to pretend that the open door blew the fire smoke into his eyes.

"At last we quieted down a little, and after the two hungry travelers—Black Prince and his master—had eaten a good dinner, Donald told us his story. It would take me all night to repeat it in full. Besides I can't tell it as he did, so I'll just give you the marrow of it.

"On landing at Colon he and all the other passengers had to pay $40 each for mule hire, with a pair of big Mexican spurs thrown in for every rider, in order to get across the isthmus. More than one-half of the crowd already had symptoms of the fever when they got to the city of Panama, and 26 poor fellows died there while waiting a week for a Pacific ocean ship.

"Donald was stricken down almost at once and lay for three months between life and death in the house of Father Laporte, a kind French-Canadian priest, who took good care of him and his effects, and when he was able to dictate wrote for him to my father, though neither that letter nor three others written from different places by Donald himself were ever received—a quite common occurrence during the first two years of the California excitement.

"During the whole of his master's illness Prince stuck close to him, though, as Father Laporte afterward related, nothing but the dog's own fierce courage and fidelity had prevented him being stolen by covetous thieves.

"At last Donald got strong enough to sail for San Francisco, where he arrived after a five weeks' voyage and in robust health. Here he wrote a long home letter, and, accompanied by Prince, went off at once to San Juan diggings. He had good luck from the very first, and in eight months cleared above all expenses nearly $11,000. Then, being no longer able to bear up under that awful homesickness which all of us are beginning to know so well, he pulled up stakes and started for home.

"He told us that often, while on the diggings and in the city, too, he had been offered 50 ounces of gold for Prince, but that 50 times 50 could not have bought him, very fortunately for Donald himself, for on his journey from the mines to San Francisco he was waylaid one night by two Mexican tramps and saved from robbery and death only through the dog's watchfulness and courage.

"It seems the vagabonds had concealed themselves in a clump of chaparral by the roadside and were in the act of stealing out upon their intended victim when sharp eyed Prince sprang forward and bore one of them to the ground before he could use his murderous knife, then held him by the throat until Donald had bound him, while his villainous comrade, seeing the game was up, disappeared in the bush.

"Without further serious adventure my brother had returned home by way of Callao, thence to Panama, then across the isthmus again, and so by an Atlantic steamship to New York, where he sold his gold, all except a few specimen nuggets, for $17.10 per ounce, that being then the highest price for California gold.

"While he was telling his story the noble old dog listened intently, and, I do believe, understood every word, as at the most striking passages he thumped the floor with his great tail in token of approval."

"You had a jolly time, then, after all, eh, Fred?" said one of our fellows.

"Jolly! Well, I should say so. Our New Year's day, which began with anxious doubts and went along with forced gayety, ended in a regular jubilee."

Feeling too greatly shocked by the tragic death of our comrades to remain longer on the Lodden, four of us—Jack Urquhart, Fred Ross, Joe Wells and I—started next day for Eagle Hawk gully, Bendigo, whence, after three weeks of profitable work, we went across country to Jim Crow creek.

I may add that Ross, Wells and I, after many stirring adventures, got back to America all right, and that Jack Urquhart married a pretty English girl and remained in Australia.—Romance.

Hansell Monday In Scotland.

"Hansell Monday" is still a familiar phrase in Scotland, notably in Fife, where old New Year's day is still observed (Jan. 12). To hansell is to bless or endow or give—a sort of luck penny. To hansell a new article is to wear it on an auspicious occasion.

Work is hurried over in the morning, and then all take holiday.

Rifle shooting at a target or glass ball shooting is an ever popular sport, the prizes being given either in money or beef. The local butcher kills a fat bullock, and the shooters pay so much a shot in hope of gaining a prize. The Christmas dinner of English folk is eaten by their Scotch compatriots on this day. The master brews a bowl of punch or toddy and passes it round to the servants, and all unite in drinking and pledging good health and happiness to each other. In the evening dances, balls and raffles are the popular amusements.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Remember the Poor.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor! The Lord will deliver him in every time of trouble. Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle and who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; he that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against a neighbor; in whose eyes a vile person is contemned; who putteth not out his money to usury nor taketh a bribe against the innocent—he that doeth these things shall not be moved forever and ever.—Scott's Commentary.

New Year's Toasts.

It is hoped that many will remember on New Year's day that it is better to give than to receive, and that the relief funds may be swelled accordingly.—Washington Star.

May the new year give us all good health, good luck and plenty to do. With health one can be happy, with luck one can prosper and with work avoid temptation.—Boston Journal.

May the new year from this morning to its close be one crowded with peace, happiness and prosperity in your homes. May it be a year rich in real blessings for all people.—Washington Post.

MR. WINSLOW'S LOAN BUSINESS.

When at Harvard, He Exacted a Latin Thesis as Interest.

When W. Rodman Winslow was killed by falling from the seventh story window of the Sevillia apartment house some days ago, a never failing source of revenue to those hard pressed for ready money was taken away. For years Mr. Winslow had an office on the third floor of the Vanderbilt building, at 132 Nassau street, and there he transacted an "interest and discount" business on a large scale.

The sign on the office door set forth that Mr. Winslow was a counselor at law. He was, it is true, educated for the law, but he had given little attention to its practice for many years. It was in the loaning of money upon chattel mortgages that he made a reputation for himself and acquired the fortune which he had when he died. His method of doing business was similar to that of chattel loan agents the city over. In addition to the legal rate of interest Winslow charged 30 or 40 per cent additional for the accommodation. To secure the loan he took a chattel mortgage upon almost anything of greater value than the amount loaned which the borrower possessed. The form of this mortgage he drew himself, and it was his boast that it had never been broken in a court of law.

Mr. Winslow was a college man, and, according to the story of an old friend of his, it was while still a student at Harvard that he began the business which he afterward made his vocation. A fellow student was hard up one day, and he asked young Winslow to lend him some money. The latter had some ready money which he signified his willingness to loan provided the borrower, who was a fine classical student, would write a Latin thesis for him. It was a good hard two weeks' work, but the student had to have the money, so he agreed to the stipulation. After that young Winslow frequently loaned money to others, exacting premiums of various kinds for the accommodation.

On leaving college the young graduate made up his mind that there were great possibilities for pecuniary gain in doing a money business on a larger scale, and thus it happened that he made it his profession. It was said that he did the largest business of the kind in the city.—New York Letter.

THE GOULDS AND SOCIETY.

A Grand Ball That May Open Some Hitherto Closed Doors.

There is a great deal of pleasant gossip aroused over the announcement (how true I can't say) that Mr. and Mrs. George Gould are going to give a large ball.

Why shouldn't they, and who could provide for a more splendid entertainment?

The Goulds have passed over the threshold of society. They have made friends wherever they went—except in England—but they are not going to give an English ball.

At the horse show, at the opera, wherever she has appeared, Mrs. Gould has made friends and admirers right and left.

It is high time she tried the experiment of a ball to see what her friends are worth.

I venture to assert that all her new-made acquaintances will show up to a woman (the men would go, of course), and that she will be pestered to death by requests for invitations by people who have pretended not to know her.

If she takes the advice of an old stager, she will turn a deaf ear to all such importunities and ignore them completely.

The second ball she gives will be more crowded than the first, and so on ad infinitum.

It is intimated that Mrs. Gould has a society press agent.

Banish the thought! What she should have, if she hasn't already—and I think she has, judging from the recent horse show—is a committee of "Little Brothers of the Rich," a guild of impecunious dudes of good family and position, who are of inestimable value to rich women with social aspirations.

Given a good, hardworking committee of L. B. R.'s, and I guarantee Mrs. Gould or any other lady with far less than her personal attractions a ball that will open the eyes of all New York, and, what is more to the point, open the doors of all New York to her triumphal entry.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

Exit the Ceylonese.

People who have walked much during the last year on State street between Washington and Randolph streets must have noticed the Ceylonese who were used by the Ceylon Tea company as advertisements. They were four—man and wife and two children. They came here at the opening of the exposition under the care of the Ceylon commissioners. They were a part of that vision of beauty which delighted millions, but which no longer exists. After the gates closed the family was brought down town. For a year they were at the teahouse on State street, and even city people used to tarry and look at them. Last week they left Chicago for their home, where the spicy breezes blow 20,000 miles away. They were the last human remnant of the exposition.—Chicago Tribune.

Dainty Strazini.

Strazini is the name of a wonder in Leipsic. Strazini astonishes his audiences by first eating a soup which consists of sawdust plentifully mixed with coal oil. The mess is set afire, and after the flames have been extinguished Strazini eats the peculiar mixture, ladling it out with a spoon. He follows this up with biting piece after piece from the lamp chimney, crushing the glass between his teeth and swallowing it. He washes it down with a little water. For dessert he munches pieces of hard coal, peat, washing soap, tallow candles and pieces of plaster.—Leipsic Correspondent.

THE ISLE OF BOREDOM.

As you sail through life take pains and steer
Away from the island that lies too near—
The isle of Boredom, which all men fear.

The island sets up like a shelf of rock,
But woe to the sailor who lands at the dock
And offers the people a chance to talk.

For they talk all night, and they talk all day,
And try as you will to get away
They pin you down, and they make you stay.

They talk of things they have done and said;
They talk you awake, and they talk you to bed,
Till you almost wish they would talk you dead.

And the queerest thing and the one to deplore
About the dwellers upon that shore—
Not one of them knows that he is a bore.

So steer away from that island shelf
That is governed, they say, by a wicked elf,
Lest you be a bore and not know it yourself.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Youth's Companion.

THE LOST NECKLACE.

"I was returning from Paris, where I had been to purchase a diamond necklace for Edith, my fiancee. I had for my companion in the compartment a very lovely young woman and a little poodle dog that she addressed as Chico. It seemed to me that somewhere, and not very long ago, I had met my fair companion before.

"I sat for some time vainly trying to recall the circumstances of our meeting, but the more I pondered on it the more helpless seemed the task.

"A little later on, looking up, I found that my companion was without book or paper. So, taking an illustrated magazine from my satchel, I offered it to her. She thanked me and smiled sweetly. After a time I grew tired of my novel and resolved to attempt a little conversation with my neighbor. I asked her if she was going to Nice. She replied that she was and went on to say that her sister, whom she had expected would go with her, had disappointed her at the last moment. She, however, could not wait until the following day, as her father, who was at Nice for his health, had wired her to return at once.

"She spoke of her dislike for traveling; that, as the compartment reserved for ladies was full, she had been obliged to enter mine. She was sorry to intrude, but the train was about to start, and the guard had told her all the other seats were taken.

"I hastened to assure her that I was glad of the lucky chance that had given me so charming a companion. She smiled and asked me if I was to be long at Nice. She chatted on about the place, mentioning the names of many well known people, who, she said, were her friends and whom I should no doubt meet.

"As the evening wore on she opened a basket containing a dainty lunch. 'Would I share it with her?' The cook evidently had a ridiculous idea of her appetite. Why, there was enough for six!' This seemed to be the case. So, as we were by this time very well acquainted, I accepted her invitation, and we were soon doing justice to a really excellent lunch.

"'What a charming creature she is!' I thought. 'How Edith will like her!' Growing confidential, I spoke of my visit to Nice and of the dear girl who was awaiting me there. She seemed interested and listened patiently to the recital of my fair one's many charms. 'You will meet her and can see for yourself if all I say of her is not true!' I exclaimed. 'She will be very grateful to you for having made this stupid journey pleasant for me.'

"'We will drink her health!' cried my companion gayly, drawing a small silver flask of exquisite workmanship from the depths of her basket. 'I always carry a little cognac with me in case of sickness,' she explained. Opening the flask and filling a dainty glass with the amber liquid, she handed it to me, with a radiant smile. 'To Edith's health,' she said.

"I drained the glass. It was brandy of the finest quality I had ever tasted. She seemed to read my thoughts.

"'You are a judge of good liquor. That is Otard of 1870.'

"Taking the glass from my hand, she poured a little of the liquor into it and barely touched it to her lips.

"'You must not judge my good wishes by the amount I take. I wish you all the happiness that life can give, but I cannot drink as you men do. To me it is simply a medicine.'

"Soon after this I began to grow sleepy, and as my companion did not seem inclined to talk I made myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. I turned my head toward the window, through which the surrounding country could be seen dimly in the moonlight, as we rushed along, and resigned myself to a night of comfort. The next thing it was broad daylight. I awoke with a dull pain in my head and a sense of weariness that my sleep had rather increased than diminished.

"My companion was sitting by the window reading the book I had given her the night before. On perceiving that I was awake she put down her book and remarked that I was a sound sleeper and that she envied me. She had passed a wretched night and was glad that we would soon be in Nice. I thought of Edith, whom I should now see so soon, and then of the surprise I had in store for her.

"I hoped that the necklace would please her, and then, for the first time, it occurred to me that perhaps it would have been better if I had consulted some woman of taste before buying it. A brilliant idea struck me—my companion was just the one to decide. I would ask her opinion. It was not too late to change the necklace for something else if she thought it not suitable. I was sure she would tell me candidly just what she thought.

"Unbuttoning my coat, I drew the package from my pocket and laid it on my lap. Removing the wrappings, I opened the little blue casket. For a moment I could not believe my eyes—it was empty!

"I turned quickly to my companion. She was leaning forward motionless, breathless, her face pale and in her eyes a look that I shall never forget. One hand was passed convulsively over her heart. She had removed her gloves, worn the night before, and on one finger blazed a diamond—the one I had seen the previous day at the jeweler's. In an instant I saw it all. I sprang forward and grasped her wrist—roughly, I am afraid.

"'Give me back that necklace, you thief!' I cried. 'I know you. You stood by my side yesterday in the jeweler's shop on the Avenue de l'Opera. I remember that ring and your voice. You heard me say that I was going to Nice by this train. The liquor you gave me was drugged, and you thought to escape before your theft was discovered. It was a very clever scheme, but it has failed. Give me the necklace, or I shall turn you over to the police.'

"I stretched out my hand, thinking that, seeing the folly of further concealment and the uselessness of denial, she would return the stolen property. I was wrong. She drew herself up haughtily and looked me full in the face. When she spoke, it was in a voice that showed no trace of the sweetness which had at first attracted me.

"'You have brought a serious charge against me,' she said, 'and one of which I am innocent. I am alone and a woman,' this with a momentary tremor in her voice that somehow made me ashamed of the way I had spoken to her. 'If, as you say, you have lost a necklace, your only reason for accusing me of having stolen it is that we have been the only occupants of this compartment. The instant you opened the box and found it empty I saw the position I was placed in. Fortunately, however, I can prove my innocence.'

"'Perhaps you may hesitate before again attempting to blackmail an unprotected woman. As soon as we arrive at Nice I shall insist on going at once to the police station, where a thorough search of my baggage and person shall be made. I shall then ask you to prove that you ever had a necklace.' This remark was accompanied by a smile that was not pleasant to see. 'Until we reach Nice you will not address me again.'

"She leaned back in her seat and turned her face toward the window. I felt rather than saw that she was crying.

"I began to feel uncomfortable. What if, after all, I had been too ready to jump at conclusions and had been mistaken? Was it not possible that the box might have been empty when I received it from the jeweler's? I had not seen the necklace after it was left to be repaired, as the box was wrapped up when I called for it. My companion had insisted on an investigation that might prove her innocence—an investigation that a guilty woman would never have proposed. Besides this she had expressed a doubt as to the existence of the necklace and had accused me of an attempt to blackmail. The more I thought of it the more unpleasant my position became.

"Suddenly my eyes fell on something bright on the floor of the carriage. I stooped and picked it up. It proved to be the little heart shaped padlock I had noticed the night before on the poodle's collar. Like a flash a thought came to me. Here might be the solution of the problem. At any rate, I would put it to the test. No time should be lost, as we were just entering the station, and in a moment more the guard would open the carriage door.

"Reaching across the seat with a quick motion, I drew the sleeping animal to my side. The woman sprang forward to prevent me, but she was too late. I had already torn the collar from the dog's neck and was holding it to the light that entered dimly through the windows from the station.

"I breathed a sigh of relief. The inside of the collar contained a hollow groove, and in this groove, securely fastened, lay the missing necklace. I turned triumphantly to my companion. The door was open. She was gone.

"That morning as I entered Edith's parlor the little poodle trotted contentedly by my side, and instead of the collar he wore the necklace. As for the woman, I never saw her again."—Kate Field's Washington.

The Chafing Dish Two Thousand Years Old.

Women who first prized their chafing dishes for their convenience are now feeling an added pleasure in using a utensil that has a history at least of 2,000 years. They refer to what Seneca said of them and quote Soyer's description of those used by the ancient Greeks and Romans. The dish is also referred to by Cicero and is supposed to be the "authepsa," a kind of saucepan of Corinthian brass of considerable value and made with such art that its contents cooked instantly and with little fire. This simple and ingenious vessel possessed a double bottom, the uppermost one holding the light delicacies destined for the dessert, and the fire was underneath. Another author says: "Not only did the chafing dish adorn the tables at royal banquets and contribute to the gastronomic enjoyments of the rich, but it was in high favor then, as now, among the representatives of the histrionic art. Pliny relates that the tragic actor, Æsopus, had a dish worth 1,000 sesterces." The chafing dish was known in America as early as 1720, at about which time it is recorded that a wealthy father, wishing to give his daughter "a truly elegant wedding outfit," ordered for her from England, among other things, "six small brass chafing dishes, 4 shillings apiece."

French Veterans Diminishing.

Before very long it is expected that the Hotel des Invalides, the gilt dome of which forms such a conspicuous landmark in Paris, will have ceased to exist, at all events as what may be called the home of the French Chelsea pensioners. By degrees the number of pensioners lodged there has diminished until they are a mere handful. It seems that old soldiers do not care to continue to live in barracks after their retirement, but that they prefer a pension outside, be it ever so small.—Paris Journal.

NEW YEAR'S LONG AGO

A DAY OF HEARTY GREETING TO FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

Callers Regaled With Pure Apple Cider and Doughnuts—Cutting the New Year's Cake—The Girls of Bygone Days—Have We Changed For the Better?

New Year's is nothing at all nowadays, and you may sail over it as easily as over the equator and not see it in the least. But it was a day then that meant something, and it came in at the head of the year in a way that you should understand it was there. Nor was it our way to do as they did in the times of its decadence. Nobody knew anything about cards—those little infinitesimal nothings that make up for respect and honor and good fellowship. Oh, fie, but what shams there are nowadays! But we took off our greatcoats and hung up our hats, and we did not count up the doorbells we had rung as so much of a contribution to society.

To be sure, there were not then so many of us in this land, and those that were did not all live in the cities, but we had breathing room and elbow room and were ashamed neither of work nor of being known to eat our bread by the sweat of our brows. Now, your little whiffet passes for a humorist because he can mimic country ways, and says, "Oh, fie, but the fellow parts his hair in the middle, and his shirt front is bigger than his brains!" "Come up to the fire," said my little mother. "Pull up your chair." And the circle widened out bigger till it took in half the room. There were the minister, and neighbor Hotchkiss, and old lady Denison, and the twin old maids, and my uncles George and Platt, who sat in the corners of the fireplace nearer the heat, and there were more besides, and every one was happy. "Will you pass the cider?" said my little mother, and then began the fun. That cider was made of Spitzenbergs, every drop of it. And you should have tasted that cider! It was pressed out in no patent mill, with a million bushels of rubbish and dirt. It was pure juice of the apple. It did no one any harm, and it went around with a huge salver of doughnuts. O Lord, but what has become of the knack for doughnuts, and caraway cakes, and gingersnaps? One would think it could not have so evaporated.

It was coming time to cut the huge loaves of cake, and our little mother already had a knife in her Washington cake, and my tall aunt had a knife in her Lafayette cake. Then I could see that our father was uneasy, and he got up and took the poker and furtively watched the two women as he gently rolled over the front stick in the fire irons and had everything ready for a tremendous poking of the whole heap. But happily just then the parson warmed into a discussion of St. Paul's epistle to Timothy. "Pish!" said my little mother, "but St. Paul will do well enough for Sundays, but he did not understand women." "You are right," said my aunt, "and for my part I hate old bachelors when they set up to teach married folk." You could see in a moment that all danger was over, and my father quietly laid down the poker, and the two women drew together and began to whisper, and instead of rival cakes we had the two sorts put lovingly together on one plate and a plate for every one of us. I never saw such big pieces of cake before or since. It was all to our advantage. The rivalry had become a rivalry of generosity.

Girls in those days were big, rosy creatures, who could laugh and did not wear corsets. They milked the cows and harnessed the horses and went to mill on horseback without a saddle. They could knit and sew and could eat like other folks. They did not nibble confectionery and giggle, but were open to a clean kiss and knew how to give one. Our girls and our neighbors' girls were seven that day, and they soon had things all their own way. While the older women sat in easy chairs the girls flew about and cared for everybody. Ah, but what a creature a really beautiful girl is! She needs no art at all. Bless 'em, but is not nature enough? Yes, truly, there are fools who trick themselves out till you cannot tell they are girls, only by their wriggling walk, and their giggling talk, and their heartless disregard of everything but themselves. Rights? Dear me, but our girls had their rights and gave us our rights. They ruled the house with their honest behavior. Our plates were not allowed to be empty for one moment. Each girl had her own cake or tart or cooky as truly as the aunt and little mother.

So it was our New Year's day came and went, and we slid softly into the arms of the great new days and great new things, and here we are. Bless me, but why can they not all rise up just for once to see the changes that have taken place? Perhaps it is better as it is, for I am sure that they would miss about everything that made up the world for them. The huge factories have stolen away all that made our homes interesting, and for my part I think we have a long road to reach the future millennium. But in those days our homes were the universe to us, and we did not care for huge buildings and great cities. We had George Washington and Thomas Jefferson when New York was no bigger than a village, and I do not believe they would have been the better or wiser had they lived in these days. No, indeed!

And when they were all gone our little mother sat very silent for awhile, and then she said, "Father, does not the world grow more beautiful each year?" And he took once more the poker, and he stirred the fire very gently as he said: "Mother, the logs are burning away one by one. We must keep the coals alive." "Yes, indeed," said my little mother. "We must keep the soul warm."—E. P. P. in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

NEW YEAR'S CALLING.

An Old Knickerbocker Custom That Should Be Perpetuated.

While the New Year's customs of ancient times possess for us a certain fascination, we find still more interesting the celebrations of the present time. The one that is most characteristic, most truly American, is the old Knickerbocker custom of making calls upon New Year's day, and it is to be hoped that it will be long continued by those who care to encourage and sustain whatever is distinctly national and characteristic among us. It is true that this custom belongs to a time when making calls had not become a daily business, pursued for want of other occupation by men and women of leisure. It is true that it belongs to a time when men were too busy to do much visiting and gladly seized this annual opportunity of looking up old friends and especially the busy wives and mothers they had known as girls and recalling and recounting the scenes and events of their youth.

This annual brightening of the links of old friendships is the special function of New Year's calls. The day is put to very bad use when it is employed in a mere effort to count up a long list of names of persons whom one may have seen yesterday or the day before and who have no steady purpose to prevent them from calling every day of their lives.

Of course one does not want to miss one's intimates on such a day, but there is not the same object in setting apart a day for them, and that is the reason why some modern and fashionable people who have "traveled" relinquish the custom when they return home to a life based as far as possible on what they have heard and seen abroad. But this class are not all of American society. There are many who represent the oldest and best families who cling to old habits, who do not spend half their lives abroad, but who are the strength and honor of the best enterprises and efforts at home.

Then there are others, busy business and professional men and women, who form the largest part of our "best" society, who perhaps do the most to formulate its habits and perpetuate its customs, and to these the 1st of January, as a day of freedom and devotion to the social idea, is a boon which they welcome apart from its significance and the desire to perpetuate it as a custom.—Philadelphia Times.

AT BAVARIA'S CAPITAL.

New Year's Reception at the Court of Dresden—Greeting the Queen.

On the night of the cour the persons who are to be presented assemble in an amber hall lighted by wax candles in six immense crystal candelabras. Ladies of honor stand here in a group near the door, while aids-de-camp move about, the strangers that come in one by one being placed in a row that lines the four sides of the room. Embassadors, ministers and ministers' wives take up their places along the line near the persons who are under their charge.

Suddenly three taps of the marshal's staff resound on the mosaic, hard wood floor, and majesty enters. All bow deeply. The queen gives her hand to the minister's wife next to her, then steps very close in front of the first lady to be presented. Her master of ceremonies mentions the lady's name. Majesty is nearsighted. The lady therefore makes her reverence without taking the conventional two steps backward. "Is she living in Dresden?" the queen inquires. The stranger answers, "Yes, your majesty," whereupon the queen moves her hands nervously, fingering her fan. The page, in crimson and silver, who carries the end of her outspread, long, peacock colored, velvet brocade train, stands motionless, like a statue. His face is powdered, and his curly peruke has been sprinkled with a white porcelainlike dust that glints in the light. During the pause and silence the stranger observes it curiously, though her eyes are fixed on the queen and her mouth fixed in a grin, as if before a photographer's camera. At last the next question comes, "Is she not American by birth?" "Yes, your majesty," comes the stereotyped, stupid little reply. Majesty pauses again one indecisive moment longer; then finally she nods and passes on to the next stranger. At once the next stranger makes her reverence of greeting while the first is finishing with hers of farewell.—New York Independent.

Superstitions of New Year's Eve.

Country folk study the weather very closely and draw anguries therefrom, for the winds of New Year's eve have portentous qualities. Hence:

If New Year's eve night wind blow south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk and fish in the sea;
If north, much cold and storms there will be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If northeast, flee it, man and brute.

The custom of drawing water from the dead and living ford Usque-Cashriehd is still followed in some parts of the highlands. This water when drunk acts as a charm against the spells of witchcraft, the evil eye, etc. The highlanders, too, burn juniper branches and fill their houses with smoke to purify them and prevent harm entering them during the coming year.—Selected.

How to Make a Prosperous Year.

The way to make a prosperous year is to make it. Quit borrowing trouble. Quit conjuring up hard times. Remember that the sun will shine, the rains will fall, health and strength are yours, and that your fortune is with yourself and not with the stars.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Scrutiny Night.

Another curious local name for New Year's eve a century and a half ago was "Scrutiny night." In Merton college, Oxford, all the college servants then delivered up their keys to the warden and fellows, and the worthy servants received them again with a Latin address.—Exchange.

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VACCINATION MAD.

Washington's Recent Smallpox Scare a Bonanza For the Apothecaries.

During the recent smallpox scare in Washington one apothecary sold 18,000 "vaccine points" within 24 hours. On a Friday, when the general fright was greatest, the supply gave out. Physicians telegraphed in every direction for points. In the drug store referred to a big crowd was waiting. A small quantity arrived, and the people scrambled for them. The scene was a most extraordinary one. Holding their money in their hands over their heads, men, women and children struggled like anxious bettors at a race track. One would have supposed that their lives depended on procuring the points, of which there were not nearly enough to go round.

"Here's my money!" yelled one man.

"You promised me four points yesterday!" cried a woman.

"I'll pay you a dollar apiece for six points!" shouted another man, evidently the anxious father of a family.

In one day of the scare the apothecary said that he had made more money than he had ever made in two days out of his business. Somebody came to him and offered to buy out his entire stock of points at the figure he charged for them retail. The druggist refused because there was reason to believe that an attempt was being made to corner the supply.

A well known physician in town ascertained that a patient of his possessed an extra vaccine point. He went and begged it of him. One little colored boy called at the Emergency hospital and asked, with tears in his eyes, to be vaccinated.

"You go and get one of those things," said the surgeon in charge, "and I'll vaccinate you."

The boy went to the apothecary and begged a vaccine point. Then he returned to the hospital and was operated upon.—Washington Star.

LONDON'S REIGN OF TERROR.

A Mysterious Veiled Woman In Black and Her Thirst For Blood.

Two ladies of the writer's family were making calls just after dusk yesterday in Kensington. They had some difficulty in finding the new address of a friend, and not seeing a policeman stopped to inquire the way to Queen's Gate Terrace of a group of four women who happened to be approaching. Before they had time to speak two words of their question the four women turned and fled, with every evidence of sudden terror. The ladies walked on a few steps, met two more women and attempted to make the same inquiry. The second couple seemed seized with even greater alarm than the first group. They gathered up their skirts, ran across the street and away without waiting to hear the question.

This extraordinary power to put British maids and matrons to flight by a word so amused the two American women that they tested it once or twice more, with the same result, except that one woman retained sufficient self possession to call back, "Don't know," over her shoulder as she ran away.

The incident furnishes striking proof of the literal reign of terror now prevailing in one of the most fashionable quarters in London by reason of the series of strange crimes about which the cable has already told you something. A mysterious veiled woman in black, whose mania is to stab others of her sex, has appeared no less than five times within a week in a district less than a half mile square, and although scores of detectives are lying in wait for her she is still at large. In each case she has approached her victim with an inquiry about a certain street. Her first victim lost an eye, and the second was stabbed in the neck, narrowly escaping a fatal wound. The fear of her was now widespread, so that the others she accosted fled before she could strike them. There is some suspicion that she is a small man in disguise, as all describe the person as having a gruff voice, but the police believe it is a woman, and that she is undoubtedly insane.—London Letter.

Lining Their Winter Duds.

Two newsboys sat on the stairs, with a pile of newspapers on the steps above them. One had his coat off, and both were busy lining the inside of the tattered garment with folded papers. They handled their large needles clumsily, but after a time succeeded in lining the coat. The boy who owned the coat slipped it on, and turning up the collar remarked, "That'll keep the wind out."

Then the other boy took off his coat, and soon his summer jacket was made over into a winter reefer by lining it with newspapers.

A policeman watched the little tailors. "The kids caught the idea from the gripmen and hack drivers," he said. "You see, a newspaper ain't so warm itself, but it keeps the wind out, and the newsboys suffer a great deal from the winds which come sliding down the sides of the high office buildings. They have seen hack drivers double up paper and slip it inside of their vests, and they caught on."—Chicago Record.

Wanted a Swing With the Ax.

A good story is told on one of the newly elected Republican members from Ohio who has never seen the great governmental machinery in active operation at the national capital. Just as soon as he made sure that he was elected he sat down, took his pen in hand and wrote the following incisive telegram:

Maxwell, Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, Washington:
Stop all appointments in my district until I can see you. I'm elected.

General Maxwell's policy since the receipt of this ukase has not come within the ken of those who are circulating the story at the capital.—Washington

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